PSALMES

OR PRAYERS

taken out of ho-
lie
scripture.

ANNO D[illegible]

M.

The first [illegible],

For the obtei[illegible]g remis-
sion of si[illegible]s.

[illegible] LORDE OF
lordes, god al-
myghty, great
and dreadefull,
whiche by thy
woorde haste
made heauen, earthe, the sea,
and all thyng es conteined in
them.

Nothing is able to resist thy
power, thy mercy is ouer all
thy workes.

Al thinges be vnder thy [illegible]
mission and rule: bo[illegible]
beast, and al liuing [illegible]

Thou art merciful to whom thou wylt, and haſt compaſſion on whom it pleaſeth the.

Thy counſayle ſhall ſtande for euer, and what ſoo euer thou wilt, ſhall be done.

Power, dominion, and glory is thyne. whiche art aboue all thinges, and in all thinges, and in vs all.

Thou art father of mercies, and god of all grace, peace, & comfort, whyche wylt not the death of a ſynner, nor deliteſt in the damnacion of ſoules.

O lorde god, whiche art ryche in mercie, and of thine eſpeciall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thyne enemies

nemies by synne, diddest send into the worlde thine only begotten son Jesus Christ: that who so euer beleueth duely in hym, shall not peryshe, but haue euerlastyng lyfe.

Haue mercy vpon me, haue mercy vpon me, according to thy great mercy.

And accordynge to the multitude of thy mercyes, put away mine offences.

O god most holy, washe me frō my wickednesse, and make me clean from min vnclēnesse.

For Jacknowlage (O lord) myne heinous sinnes, and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteuous bedes.

I confesse againste my selfe, the wickednesse of my herte, which hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and rebellyng against thy preceptes.

I haue been an vntrue and a frowarde chylde to the, and haue prouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offended thy diuine maiestie: and am not worthi to be called thy sonne.

Because I prouoked the to angre through the multitude of my sinnes: and haue not exercised my selfe in thy ryghtfull lawes.

I haue tourned backe from

thy

thy waies, and done euill be-
fore the: I haue done wyc-
kedly and vniustely behaued
my selfe, leauyng thy cōman-
dementes, and murmuring a-
gainst thy correction.

I haue tourned my selfe a-
way, and not kept my promise
made vnto the: I haue wal-
ked in an euill way after mine
owne thoughtes and fanta-
sies, chosing the thinges that
thou woldest not.

O lorde god almyghtye, I
haue not feared the, not she-
wed due reuerence vnto the:
but I haue ben disobedient &
stubburne against the.

As a cōmon harlot is with-

out shame, euen so am I with out shame of my synnes: for (beholde) I speake vnto the, and yet I sin more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is good, and gone backe frome the: and I haue not putte my trust and hope in the (my maker) but haue sought for help and safegarde other wyse.

I haue plowed wickednesse, and reaped iniquitie, and eaten the frute of lyes: because I haue trusted in myne owne way.

I haue caste thy lawes behind my backe not regardyng thy commaundementes, nor leauyng myne owne leude cu-

stomes.

ſtomes.

I haue not gyuen my herte to retourne to thy pathes; For I wolde not knowe the, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this day tourned truely vnto the with all my hert: but as a woman that breakeh her fidelitie and promiſe vnto her huſbande, euen ſo (O lorde god) I haue broken my promiſe vnto the.

For I haue lyued abhominably, & haue had no remorſe nor repentaunce for my euyll dedes: but haue runne frome ſynne to ſynne, folowyng the leude deſyres of my hert.

Thou knoweste all thynges (O lorde) howe I haue prouoked the to displeasure by my leud inuencions: and none of all my sinnes be hyd frome the.

I hated thy discipline and correction: and regarded not thy wordes and sayynges.

I haue not done penance for my malice: but haue encreased in much vanitie.

My hert hath ben voide of truthe: and my handes haue wrought vnrighteousnesse.

My tunge hath spoken sinfully: & I haue labored with the imagination of my herte to finde out lies and deceites,

and

and no truthe hathe ben in my waies.

I haue accustomed my tong to speake trifles and vanities, fulfyllyng my fleshely desires and thoughtes: my purposes and inuencions haue bene contrary to thy wyll: whereby I haue offended the eyes of thy maiestie.

Thou haste seene all these thynges (O lorde) and haste holdenne thy peace, and yet they were euill in thy syght, and displeased the.

In thy angre thou haste cast me awaye, and arte departed from me nowe many dayes.

Thou haste gyuen me vp in

the desires of my hert: to do the thinges, whiche be not semynge.

Wo I am, that I haue gone from the, great is my misery, that I haue led my life in syn.

Wo is me, that I haue forsaken the to doo my deuises, not after thy mynd to accomplishe my thoughtes, whiche haue not proceded of thy spirite, but haue heaped vp syn vpon synne.

Myne infamie and reproche is dayely before myne eies: & for shame I dare not shewe my face.

And nowe (O lorde god) why forgettest thou me? why

kepeſte thou awaie ſoo longe thy mercy from me?

Here nowe my cauſe graciouſely although thou haſte ben diſpleſed with me a great whyle: for thou arte mercyfull: be not angrie alwaies I beſeche the.

Caſte not awaye a contrite and a penitent perſon, a wretche and an abiecte, whyche humbly callethe vppon thy name.

Tourne agayne alyttell towarde me (O lorde god) and forgyue me my myſcheuous dedes.

Order me not accordyng to my ſinnes: nor punyſhe me as

my

my wyckednesse deserueth.

Shew not forth thy power against a poore wretche: persecute him not so sore, whiche is without all strength.

Tourne not thy face awaye frome my prayers: but according to thy promises, take me again vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O ryghteous father) whome thy onely deere son hath redemed with his precious bloud.

And nowe my soule abhorreth my olde conuersacion: and of the (whyche art iudge of all men) I aske mercy.

I do submit my selfe vnder thy myghtie hande: for after

thine

thine angre thou shewest mercy, and in the time of tribulacion thou dost forgiue sinnes.

I acknowledge thee I am a synner, besechyng the, lord god allmyghty, of thy goodnesse to do with me accordingly to thy great mercy.

I am confounded and ashamed to lyfte vp mine eyes vnto the, for my synnes are ascended vp vnto thy sight.

Agaynste the (O father) agaynste the I haue sinned, and doone euyll before the: thou seeste that myne iniquitie is great.

Truely I haue ben an offender agaynste the, euen frome

my

my cradle, and lens I ſucked my mothers breſtes, I haue not ceſſed to do euyl.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitie: and my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with ſinne.

For the corne of an euil ſede is ſowedde in my herte, and howe muche wikedneſſe hath ſprong therof vnto this daye, thou knoweſt (O lord.)

I cannot ſhake of my ſynnes and offences, but I carye styl with me the infamy of my youth.

Beholde lorde, I am ſolde vnder ſynne: and in my fleſhe I fynde not that whiche is

good.

For the good that I wolde, that doe I not: but the euyll that I hate, that I do.

All the thoughtes and imaginacions of my hearte haue ben set to do euyll, euer sens I was yonge.

O why do I die in my sinnes lorde god: seyng thy wil is not that a sinner dye, but retourne from his synne and lyue?

For thou art good and mercifull, and accordynge to thy great mercy, saueſt them that be vnworthy.

For all be it no man is hable to beare the punyſhemente,

whiche thou doeſt thretten a-
gainſt ſynners, yet the mercie
whiche thou haſte promyſed,
is great and vnſercheable.

Thou haſte ſhewed mercy a
thouſande tymes heretofore,
to make thy name glorYouſe,
as it is euen yet ſtyll.

The olde fathers in their
neceſſities cried vnto the, and
thou dyddeſt delyuer theym:
they put theyr truſte in the:
& they were not confounded.

Whan they were at theyr
wittes end, and wiſt not what
to doe: this was theyr onely
refuge, to lyfte vp theyr eyes
to the.

Thou diddeſt ſaue them for

thy

thy names sake, to shewe in them thy might and strength.

Many a tyme theye provoked the thorough theire iniquities, and stirred thy goodnesse to displeasure.

Yet whan thou sawest their tribulacion, and their lowely submission vnto the,

Thou diddest remembre thy promyse, and by and by haddest pitie and compassion vpon theim, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

Haue mercy vppon me (O lorde god omnipotente) haue mercye vpon me: for I am a miserable & a wretched creature: Make me hoole I be-

teche the, whome thou haste stryken for my synne and iniquitie.

My soule is troubled greatly: and how longe (O lorde) wilte thou not loke towardes me?

Howe longe wylte thou reiecte my prayer thus cryynge out vnto the? wilt thou heare me at no tyme? howe longe wilte thou tourne awaye thy face from me?

Where by thy old mercies (O lorde) whome thou haste stablished in thy truthe?

Wylte thou nowe (O lorde god) ceasse to shewe mercie? or wilte thou withdrawe thy

goodneſſe for displeasure?

Hast thou cast me away for euer: that thou wylte neuer herafter be pleased with me?

Thy hand is not weakened, but it may helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe long shall my mynde be troubled with peynful and heauy thoughtes? how long shal sorowe torment my hert?

How long shall myne enne=mye haue the ouerhande of me? loke towardes me (lord god) and here my prayer.

Geue light to my eies, for I haue slept to long in deathe: and my synnes haue preuay=

led againſt me.

Tourne agayne (O lorde) tourne againe, and deliuer my ſowle: and ſaue me for thy gret mercies ſake.

Loo nowe is the accepted tyme: nowe be the dayes of health and grace.

In death who ſhall remembre the? or in helle who ſhall laude or prayſe the?

The that lyueth, he that liueth, ſhall praiſe the: and ſhall make thy mercy knowen.

Lord rebuke me not in thine angre: nor punyſhe me in thy great diſpleaſure.

Caſte not thy dartes at me: nor laye not thy heauy hande

vpon

vppon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a longe whyle, and of the cuppe of thy high displeasure I haue drunke very diepe.

There is no healthe in my flesshe for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor rest whan I beholde my synnes.

My iniquities be gone ouer my heade: and lyke an heauy burdeyne they dayely presse me downe.

The woundes in my soule do festre and stinke euen thorough myne owne foly.

I am a wretche, caste awaie frome thy fauoure and presence, and go mourning al the

day longe.

My ſoule is full of filthyneſſe, and no parte of me is hole and ſounde.

Wherfore my ennemies do perſecute me the more: the greateneſſe of my peyne maketh me to rore and crye.

My hert fainteth and trembleth within me, and my ſtrengthe is gone away.

O lorde, thou knoweſt my deſyre, and thou ſeeſt my neceſſitie.

Forgeue me all my ſynnes (O lorde god almyghtie) for thy owne ſake, and put out of thy ſyght my heynous offences, for accordynge to thy

goode

goodneſſe thou haſt promiſed forgiuenes of ſinnes to theim that do penaunce.

Haue mercy on me lorde for the glorie and honour of thy name, and be no longer diſpleaſed with me, and than thou ſhalte ſurely be knowen to be iuſte and true in thy wordes, and ſhalt ouercome whā thou art iudged.

For by this thy great grace ſhalbe knowen: that thou takeſt mercy on theim, whiche haue not whereof they maie glory in thy ſight.

And all the dwellers on the earthe ſhall learne and knowe thy goodnes, whan thou ſhalt

conferre and geue thy benefi-
tes to vs for thy great names
ſake, and not after oure euyll
wayes and wicked dedes.

Uerily lorde god, excepte
thou ſhewe vnto vs thy ma-
nyfolde mercyes, the worlde
ſhall not haue lyfe, nor they
that dwel therin.

And if thou healpe vs not
with thy goodneſſe, how may
they, which haue offended, be
reiſed vp from theyr ſynnes?

Haue mercy on me (O good
father) haue mercy on me, and
for thy glorious name, bee no
longer angry with me.

Take me ſynner vnto thy
mercye for the name of thy
holy

holy sonne Jesu, whom thou haste sente to be the obteyner of mercy for our sinnes thorough faith in his bloud.

Beholde holy father, behold thy chylde, whome thou hast chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whom thy soule deliteth: vppon whome thou haste put thy holy spirite, and sent him to preach the gospell to the poore, to heale theym, whiche for their sinnes be sorowfull and contrite, to comforte theym that mourne, to preache pardon to the prisoners, and syght to the blynde.

Behold thy litell one, whiche was borne for vs: Beholde

holde thy ſonne, whiche is geuen to vs , whome thou haſte not ſpared, but geuen to death for vs all, to be a ſwete offeryng e, and a ſacrifice to the.

Uerily he toke vpon him in his body our infirmities, and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for oure ſynnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vpon hym, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffered, our woundes were healed.

All we wente a ſtraye like ſheepe, euerie one folowed his owne waye, and thou (O lorde)

lorde) putteſt on him our iniquities, ſtrikinge him for the offences of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten, and his chekes to be ſtriken, he tourned not away his face from theym that ſcorned hym, and ſpyt vpon him.

Through his loue and mercy, he hath redeemed theym that were loſte, and by his bloud ſhed on the Croſſe, he hath pacyfied all thynges in heauen and earthe,

He gaue him ſelfe to death, & made his prayers for them whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercifull father) and conſyder, who it is, that

thus

thus dyd ſuffre: and remembre (I beſeche the) for whom he hath ſuffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gaueſt to deathe for vs: euen thanne whan we were ſynners: and ſhal we not beynge nowe iuſtified by his bloud, muche rather be ſaued from wrathe thorough hym?

If we (whan we were yet enemies) were reconciled to the, by the deth of thy ſonne, ſhal we not beeing reconciled, muche rather be ſaued by his life?

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whyche taketh awaye the ſynnes of the

world

worlde, by whose precioufe bloudde we ar redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vpon that moſt meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his deathe: and beyng moſte cruelly entreated, ones opened not his mouthe.

Beholde thine onely ſonne, whom althoughe thou begatteſt of thy almyghtie power, ſubſtance and nature: yet thou woldeſt he ſhuld be partaker of my infirmitie.

Which being god in nature thought it no rauine to bee equall with god, but made hym ſelfe lowe: takyng vpon hym the ſhape of a ſeruaunte, and com=

commyng in the ſimilitude of ſynfull fleſſhe, condempned ſinne in the fleſhe, ſubmittyng hym ſelfe vnto the (O father) euē to the deth of the croſſe, and there put oute the hand=writyng that was agaynſt vs, conteyned in the lawe wryt=ten, and takyng it oute of the waie, faſtned it to his croſſe, on the whiche he ſpoyled po=teſtates & powers, and made a ſhewe of theym openly, and triumphed ouer theim in his owne perſone.

Turne the eyes of thy ma=ieſtie (O lorde god) and loke vpon the worke of thy ineffa=ble goodneſſe.

Beholde thine owne swete sonne, howe all his body was drawen and stretched fourthe on the crosse.

Loke vpon al the partes of his body, from the crowne of the head vnto the sole of the fote, and no pein shalbe found lyke vnto his peine.

Beholde (O louyng father) the blessed head of thy deere sonne, crowned with sharpe thornes, & the bloud runnyng downe vpon his godly visage.

Beholde his tender bodie, howe it is scourged: his naked brest is striken and beatē: his blouddye syde is thrasted through: his hert panteth: his

sinewes be stretched fourthe: his godly eyes dasel and lose theyr sight: his princely face is wanne and pale, his plesant tongue is inflamed for peyne: his inwarde partes waxe dye and starke: his armes bothe blewe and wanne be stiffe: his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautifull legges bee feble and weake: and the stremes of blond issuynge out of his bodye, runne downe a pace vpon his fete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humanitie and gentilnesse of thy deere sonne: and pitie the infyrmitie of thy weake handy worke.

Beholde (o glorious father) the bodye of thy deere sonne, all to rente and torne: and remembre I beseech the, of how small substance I am.

Loke vpon the pein of him that is both god and man: and release the miserie of manne, whom thou hast made.

Behold the greuous suffering of the redemer, and forgeue the synne of hym that is redemed.

Kepe me from al euil waies: and teach me by thy holy spirite to chose the way of truth.

I beseche the (o thou kyng of holynesse) by him that is moost holie, by this my re-

mer Chriſte, that thou bryng me agayn into the ryght way. that I may be vnited & made one with hym in ſpirite, whyche abhorred not to be vnited with me in fleſſhe.

Make me to go perfectely in thy pathes, and to hate all wycked wayes.

Waſſhe my herte from malyce, and cleanſe me frome my ſecrete ſynnes.

Cleanſe me (O holy father) with the bloude of the newe teſtamente of thy welbeloued ſonne: whyche hathe loued vs, and waſſhed vs with his bloude from oure ſynnes, and hath redeemed vs from all iniqui=

iqui=

iniquitie.

Purifie my hert by the ſanctificacion of thy ſpiryte, and the ſprynkelyng of the bloude of thy ſonne, from all fylthyneſſe of ſynne, and euyll conſcience.

O god almighty, be mercifulle vnto me ſynner, for thy glorious names ſake, and remembre my ſynnes no longer.

For thou art god graciouſe and mercifull, and pacientely doeſt ſuffre vs: and wouldeſte that no man ſhuld peryſh, but that all men ſhulde returne to penance.

Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll wayes

and wicked thoughtes.

Remẽbre not the sinnes and abhominacions of my youth: accordyng to thy mercye, be myndfull of me for thy goodnesse sake (O lorde.)

Loke not vppon me with a greeuous countenaunce: for there is no mã that dare speke for me.

Entre not into iudgemente with thy seruante, for if thou accuse me, I shall neuer bee quitte.

For if thou (O lord) marke my synnes and iniquitie: who shall not fall before the?

This is certayne and sure, that than in thy syght no man

liuing

liuyng shal be iustified: seyng thou haste founde iniquitie euen in thy angels.

Howe muche rather in man, whiche is abhominacion and filthinesse, and dwelleth in the earthly house of this bodye, and drinckethe iniquitie as it were water?

Who is clene from fylthynesse, whan all be corrupted? truely not one: no though he haue liued but one day on the earth: and though his monethes may be easily nombred.

Of a truthe there is no mortal man, which hath not done wyckedly: nor there is anye rightwyse on earthe, whyche

dothe good, and ſynneth not.

Yet becauſe mercy is in thy hand (O lord) although thou be dredful, my hope is in the, in whom my ſoule truſteth.

My ſoule loketh for the, becauſe mercy and plentifull redempcion is with the.

For this I knowe aſſuredly, that thou wylt not caſte me awaie for euer: but although thou caſte me away for my ſinnes a whyle, yet thou wylte haue mercy vpon me agayne, accordynge to the multytude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lord) art ful of pitie and mercie, and wilt not turne thy face away from vs,

yf we wyll returne to the.

Thou arte oure god, full of ſweteneſſe, veritie, and paci= ence, and diſpoſeſt all thynges by mercy.

The fountaines of thy good neſſe be euer full and flowe o= uer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies be mercy and truthe, to them that ſeke oute thy couenãt aud teſtimonies.

Howe gentle and louing the father is to his chyldren, ſoo gentle and louynge arte thou (O lorde) to theim that feare the, and for the haboundance of thy mercy thou doeſt par= done our infirmities.

Thou knoweſt thine owne

James Pickering booke

handy woorke: thou remembrest what we are: thou seeste that we are flesshe, and of no strength.

Thou haste not forgotten, that this worlde is full of vnrighteousnesse and wickednesse, and that it is wholly set and bent on euill.

Yet neuertheles thou arte merciful, and ful of grace, and lyke a mercifull lorde forbearest to punisshe synners, whan they repente theim selfe, and returne from their sinnes.

Haue mercie vppon me (O lord god my sauioure) for the glorie of thy name: and delyuer me, and forgyue me my

sin

synnes for thy names sake.

O rightwise father, loke not straytely vpon the multytude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne: whiche being withoute sinne, bare oure synnes in his bodie on the tree of the crosse.

Turne away thy face from my synnes: and put out al my iniquities.

Make a cleane hearte in me (O god) and renue me with a right spirite.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me again the comfort of thy helpe: and stablyshe me with

with thy myghty spirite.

Mollify my herte (O lorde god) that I may retourne to thy pathes: for I haue wandred ouerlong in the waye of errour.

Turne me to the, and I shall be tourned: for thou arte my maker, and I am the clay and worke of thy handes.

Tourne not thy face awaye from me, nor go not from thy seruaunte in thyne angre.

Be my healper, and forsake me not: dispyse me not (O lorde) which art my god, and my health. Amen.

The

¶ The seconde psalme,

For remission of synnes.

[redacted]MOST myghtye god of aungels and of men: whose iudgementes be vnsercheable: and whose wisedome is profounde and depe. Here the prayers of thy seruant: and caste not awaye the humble suites of thy poore creature and handy worke.

For so longe as I shall liue, I will speake vnto the: and I wil not hold my peace so long as the breath is in my body.

I doe tourne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eyes dire-

ctly

ctely vpon the.

Let thine angre be turned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I maie finde grace and fauour in thy sight. According to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgiue me all my sinnes.

Plucke me away from mine heynous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free frome the gilte of my transgression, for I acknowlage my iniquitie, and am sory for my sinnes.

I haue forsaken thy waye, and I knowyng thy commandementes, haue done all thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenant that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy law. Verily I haue synned agaynst the (O lorde god) and the blemysh of my sin abideth still with me euen vnto this daye.

I haue forsaken the (O god my maker) and gonne awaye frō the my sauyour: and haue rebelled againste the, lyke the oxe that winceth and stryueth whan he shuld be yoked.

I haue hardned my hert agaynst the: and I haue lyfted vp my necke proudely after my sinne.

I haue trusted in lyes, and throughe deceite wolde not

knowlage therof but I haue fo=
lowed the leudnes of my hert
My pryde and arrogancye
haue begyled me: and the fo=
lyshe boldenesse of my herte
hath broughte me into deso=
late wayes.
Myne owne counsayles and
aduyses haue wroughte me
these thinges: suche is the
malice and rebellion that pos=
sesseth the hertes of men.
My soule is put from qui=
etnesse and rest, and I can not
thinke of any good thyng.
The yoke of my synnes is
waxed very heauy: it is lifted
vp & fastned aboute my necke.
Thou hast spoken to me, but
I wolde

I wolde not heare: thou hast called me, but I wold not answere, I beleued not thy wordes, nor woulde abyde thy counsayle.

I regarded not thy holye woorde: and I gaue not my mynde to thy sarenges.

Thou haste striken me, but I wolde not knowe the cause therof: thou haste corrected me, but I wolde not take thy discipline.

I did not cõsider in my hert, that thou wouldest not forget my synne and malyce.

With my mouth and my lippes I glorifyed the: but my hert was farre from the.

I hidde my ſynne as Adam did: to the intent to haue mine iniquitie vnknowen.

I aſked not counſayl of thy mouthe: and I would not folowe thy lawe.

I haue ſynned before thyne eyes: and therfore my ſoule is made vnſtable.

I forſoke the, whiche arte the fountayne of continuall ſpringing waters: to thintent to dygge to my ſelfe muddie pittes, which haue no water.

In al theſe thinges I am not retourned to the: nor I haue not prayed vnto the, that I might leue my wicked wayes.

Se lorde, and behold howe

vile

vile I am made: all the beau-
tie of my soule is perished &
gone, in so muche that nowe
I dare not in any wise behold
and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why
I shuld forsake the, and vain-
ly folowe vayne thynges.

Lord haue mercy vppon me
and here my praiers: for thou
arte my god, and there is no
sauiour besydes the.

Tourne away from me thy
heauy displeasure: and distroy
me not for the synnes of my
youthe.

I humbly beseeche the (O
lord) forgeue me, forgeue me
for thy excedyng mercie.

O lord god of hostes, if thou be determined to saue, who can let or resyst? if thou stretche out thy hande, who shall turne the away?

Thou mayest doo to me as the potter doth to his potte: for (behold) I am in thy hād, as the clay is in his.

Amend me (O lorde) but in mercy, not in thine angre: lest thou vtterlye consume me: make me to vnderstande and know, how hurtful and deadly a thyng it is, to forsake the, my lord god, and to cast away from me the feare of the.

There is no manne that can hele me nor cure my plage; no

man

man can delyuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundeste and makeste hole: whiche strikeste and healeste agayne.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my healpe aud salua-cion standeth onely in the.

For none is lyke vnto the, thou arte myghtie: and great is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lorde) and I shall be turned: take away from me this sinful hert, that thy lawe may bring furth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde for thy goodnesse sake: and for the greate loue that thou beareste towardes me.

O lorde god (beholde) thou haste made bothe heauen and earth by thy great might: and nothynge is harde to the.

Thou art that puissaunt and myghtye, whose name is the lord of hostes, great and merualious in thy counsayle.

As sone as thou hast spoken the word, all thinges be doen: as sone as thou hast commanded, thinges be: and thy word retourneth not to the voyde, and withoute effect.

Thou (O lord god) shewest mercie vnto all: for thou canst doe all: and thou makeste as thoughe thou saweste not the synnes of men, because theye

ſhould do penance, and amend their lyues,

For thou loueſt all thynges that be: and hateſte nothynge that thou haſte made: for nothyng thou madeſt or haſt ordeined of any hatred,

Thou ſpareſt and tendreſt al men: for all thinges be thine, & thou loueſt the ſoules of men.

Thou doeſt miniſter mercy, equitie & iuſtice in the earthe: and therfore in theſe vertues thou greatly deliteſt.

Truely (O lord) thou arte rightuous and gracious, not withſtandyng I haue offēded the, tranſegreſſyng thy couenant, & treſpaſſing againſt the,

O lord, thou haſt ſene all my abhominacions : looke on my cauſe, and conſider howe vile and wretched I am : ſee and behold my great confuſion.

In the time of reconſiliacion here me, and in the day of ſal=uacion haue mercy on me,

Be mercifull vnto me, and haue mercye on me, whyche haue none other healpe but the : whoſe wyll nothyng can reſiſt whan ſo euer thou doeſt purpoſe to ſaue.

Here me, whiche am a wret=che making ſupplicacion vnto the : make me to truſte in thy name: and delyuer me by thy power.

Haue

Haue regard to me from heuen (O lorde) and loke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Distroye me not because of my iniquitie: but remembre the sorowe and peyne that I suffre.

Be not styll angrye with me (O lorde) forgette all my sinnes, and remembre theym no longer.

Let my prayer ascende vp vnto the: saye vnto my soule, Beholde, I am come to the, thy healthe and thy saluacion.

AMEN.

The thyrde ſpalme,

For remiſſion of ſinnes

[redacted]GOD eternall, iuſt and [redacted]holye: whiche kepeſte [redacted]couenaunte and mercie with them that loue the, and kepe thy commandementes.

Loke at me and haue mercy vppon me: for I haue treſpaſſed agaynſt the, and doen euill in thy ſyght.

Shewe forth vppon me the tender affections of thy mercy, that thy ſeruant may haue an herte to pray vnto the.

I humbly make my prayer before thy face: not truſtynge in myne owne righteouſneſſe,

but

but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy, and all my ryghtuouſeneſſe is like a foule blouddy cloute.

Unto the (O lord) be iuſtice, mercie, and pitie: but vnto me bee confuſion and ſhame for my iniquities.

Certainly euen from my begynning I haue vſed my ſelfe proudely agaynſte the, doyng wickedly, and ceaſſyng not.

O lorde, thou haſt redemed me, and yet I haue not ceſſed to offende the, & my hert hath not ben ſtreyght in thy ſyght.

Thou haſte taught & inſtructed me, and ſtabliſhed my power: and I haue been euylle

affected

affected towardes the, beyng lyke vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pride and presumpcion accuse me to my face: I am ouerthrowen in mine own wickednes: I dooe seeke the (O lorde) I beseche the, that I may fynde the: thou art separated frome me, for I haue gredily folowed fylthynes.

Yet wil I accuse mine owne synfull waves before the (O lord) vntyll thou haue mercie vpon me: and receyue me agayne into thy fauour.

God forbid that euer I shuld departe from the agayne, and not dilygentely seeke for thy promyses.

I wil neuer hold my peace, nor keepe silence: vntill thou haue establyshed that couenaunte with me, whiche thou hast made and ordeined in tymes past:

That is to saye, lyke as the iustice of a iuste man shall not deliuer or saue him what time so euer he shall offend: So the wickednesse of a wicked man shal not hurte him, what time so euer he shall returne from his wickednesse.

In hope of this (O lorde god) I will tary thy pleasure: for thou arte good to theym that truste in the, and to the soule that seketh the.

Thou

Thou kepeſt thy truthe for euermore: & the word whiche iſſueth forthe of thy mouthe, ſhall not be voide and of none effecte.

Diſtroy me not (good lord) for my ſynnes: nor reſerue not eternall puniſhement for me.

Open thine eies, and behold the gretnes of my peyne and affliction: for my iniquitie is great in thy ſyght: and my ſinnes haue broughte me in to this trouble.

Diſtroy me not vtterly, nor leaue me in my ſynnes: for thou arte god of mercie and very gracious.

Execute not the punyſhe-

mente

ment vppon me, whiche thou haddest purposed: dooe to me accordynge to thy name: although my defaultes and synnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my god: and thy name hath been putte vppon me: Leaue me not in the depenesse of my troubles.

Thou hast chastysed and reformed many, and hast strengthed the werie handes, thy woordes haue set vp him that stagered: and thou hast made streight the croked knees.

Wherfore I will seeke the (O lorde god) whiche haste wroughte great thynges vnsercheable and innumerable.

Thou

Thou haste takē vp the poze out of the dust: & hast exalted them, whiche were abiectes.

For thou doest delyuer the poore in his misery out of the straite and bottomlesse pyt of tribulacion, & out of the wide mouthe of anguishe & affliction into reste and quietenesse.

Thou art gracious and mercifull, for that thou shewest mercy to them, whiche be not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very merciful to thē, which diligently obserue and kepe thy lawes, and thou dost pacientlye suffre synners: gyuyng theym tyme and place, wherby they may be changed

from

from their malice.

Here me a poze wretche mak-
king ſupplicacion vnto the: foz
in the and in thy name, I haue
put my truſt and affiance.

Take me thy ſeruaunte vnto
the, and make me good, and
leat me not be diſappointed of
that that I loke foz.

Come againe (O lozd god)
and ſaue my ſoule: diſtroy me
not, whome thou haſte rede-
med by thy great myghte and
power.

Loke not vpon the hardnes
of my herte, noz vpon my ſin-
nes: but lyke as thou haſte
many tymes ſhewed mercye;
ſo nowe be mercifull and foz-

geue me.

Here me (O lorde) & be pacified: regard my prayer, & do accordyng to thy great name.

O lord, I loke to haue help and saluacion frome the: and this is my dayely meditation, and exercise.

For thy mercies be greate: thy goodnesse is inestimable.

Here me nowe fauourably: and withhold thy mercyes no longer from me.

In the way of thy iugemẽtis I will loke after the: my soule desireth to magnifi thy name: and to haue the in memory.

Incline my herte to doe thy comandementes: & directe my

waies

wayes euermore in thy syght.

Let me neuer hereafter go awaye from thy wayes: nor leaue me not nowe in the depe nesse of my troubles.

Turne not thine eies awaye from me: but teache me (O lorde) to doo those thynges, which ar pleasant in thy sight.

Make a perpetual leage and couenant with me, that thou wylte putte thy feare into my herte: that I neuer swarue from the in all my lyfe.

Withdrawe not thy good= nesse frō me for euer, but kepe thy promise and fidelitie.

Bee good vnto me with be= neuolence and fauoure: for

thou art merciful, and thy dil=
pleſure cõtinuith not for euer.

Remembre me with fauour and kyndeneſſe: and viſite me with thy ſaluacion.

I knowe (O lord god) that thou arte gracious and mer=
cyfull, paciente, and of greate mercifulneſſe.

Thou art good and mercy=
full, thou kepeſt couenant and mercye with thy ſeruauntes, whyche walke before the in theyr hole hert.

There is none other god but thou, whyche regardeſte and careſt for all.

For thou haſt ben euer very mercifull to me: delyuerynge

my

my ſoule from the diepe hell.

Let thy goodneſſe (O lord) bee euer with me, for all my welth reſteth onely in the.

In the time of tribulacion I cal vpon the (O lord) for thou art nygh vnto theym whyche call vpon thy holy name.

Succour me (O god) and loke merily vppon me: ſhewe me the lyghte of thy counte-nance: in the my ſoule truſteth and my hert reioyſeth.

Lette my prayer come vnto thy throne: bow downe thine eare vnto my crie.

Here me nowe beinge peni-tent (O lord) whom thou haſt hitherto pacientely ſuffred: to

the intent I ſhuld repent and amende my life.

O god, I haue opened vnto the my lyfe: ſaue me for thy names ſake, for my truſte is in the.

What care I for worldely thynges? This one thynge onely I nede and deſire, that I may finde grace and fauour in thy ſight.

Wherfore I beſeeche the, (O lorde god) take awaye frome me this peyne and ſorowe, or at leaſte wyſe mitti-gate and aſſwage it, other by comforte or by counſayle, or by what meanes ſo euer it ſhal be ſeene good to the.

The fourth ſpalme, is a complaint of a penitẽt ſinner which is ſore troubled and ouercome with ſinnes.

[redacted]orde God, mercyfull [redacted] pacient: and of much [redacted] mareifulneſſe & truthe. [redacted]hich for thy aboundaunte charitie, and according to thy gret mercy, haſt taken vs out from the power of darkneſſe: and haſt ſaued vs by the fountayn of regeneracion and new birth, & the renewinge of the holy goſte: whom thou haſte ſhed vpon vs aboundantly by Jeſu Chriſt our ſauiour.

If I haue found grace and

fauour in thy sighte: suffer me to speake a worde vnto the: & be not displeased with me.

Why dooeste thou euer forget me: and leaueste me in the myddes of my troubles and euyls?

Where is become thy zeale and thy strengthe? where is the multitude of thy tender affections? and of thy mercies?

O lord, may not he, whiche is fallen, ryse vp agayne? or may not he, whiche hath gone awaye from the, retourne to the againe?

Shall my sorowe euer endure? shall my wound be vn-

curab-

curable and neuer healed?

Howe cometh it to passe, that I styll tourne away from the? my sinne daily increaseth, and of my selfe I can not re= tourne.

Inasmuche as it is not ge= uen to man to direct his owne wayes: neyther to make per= fect his owne procedinges.

For in thy hand is the life of euery lyuyng thyng: and the spirite also of euery man.

Thou shewest thy mercy to whom thou wilt: and thou art gracious to them, whom thou fauourest.

Thou doest kyll, and thou dooest quicken: thou leadeste

downe to hell gate, and bryngest vp againe.

Thy eies behold the waies of euery man: and thou searchest the hertes of men.

There is no place so secrete or darke, wherin synnes maie hide them selues from the.

Nor any man maie so lurke and hyde hym selue in caues, but thou shalt se hym, whych doest fulfyl bothe heauen and earthe in euery parte.

Why haste thou caste me away frō thy presence? and takest me for thy enemie?

Why haste thou laide vpon my heade the heauie weyght of my synnes, seyng no man is

able to beare thy displeasure?

What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche? why distroyeste me for the synnes of my youthe?

If I haue synned, what shall I do to the? and if my synnes be increased, what shall I do? If I do iustly, what shall I geue to the? or what shalte thou receyue at my hande?

My wikednesse shal hurt my selfe: and my righteousenesse shall profite me.

The lyfe of man is a temptacion vpon the earth: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I do?

Shall any manne be founde

clean

cleane and without ſynne be-fore the? or ſhall any man bee without default in his dedes?

Howe may a mortall man be pure from ſinne in thy ſyght? or howe maye he, whyche is borne of a womanne, be ryghtuous?

Remembre (O lorde) I beſeche the, that thou haſt made me of the erth: and that thou ſhalt bring me againe into the duſt of death.

My daies paſſe and vaniſhe away lyke ſmoke, they waſte dayly, there is no taryng.

My lyfe flyeth away as the wynde: and conſydereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately borne into this world, & shortly I shalbe taken away hence by death, I neuer cõtinue stil in one state.

The dayes of my lyfe bee fewe, and shorte: thou haste appointed an ende, whiche I shall not passe.

Naked and bare I came out of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I shal returne agayne: truely all men liuyng are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lord) on them that are in misery: and dispise not the workes of thy hãdes.

Thoughe we sinne, yet are we vnder the: for we knowe thy power and strengthe: and

if we

yf we synne not, than are we sure that thou regardest vs.

Leasse thy indignacion (O Lord) and turne it frome me: and cast all my synnes behinde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punyshment hath made me both feble and faint.

For whan thou chastisest a man for his synnes, thou causest him by and by to consume and pine away.

What so euer is delectable in hym, perysheth: lyke vnto the clothe that is eaten with moughtes.

Wold god I had one to defende me a whyle, vntyll thy

angre

angre were tourned away: or that thou woldeste sette me a tyme, in the which thou woldest remembre me.

I am cleane cast away frome thy presence: shall I neuer hereafter se thy face agayne?

Behold, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the paies of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me round about: and the stremes of thy fury runne ouer me.

And I cry vnto the (O lord god) but thou heareste me not: I aske mercy: but thou reiectest my prayers.

Why thrasteste thou downe

a poore wretche from thy pre-
sence? or why forsakest me so
longe time?

Why takeste not away my
iniquitie? and why putteste
thou not away the wikednesse
of my herte?

Arise and tary no longer (O
lord) arise, and reiecte me not
for euer.

Haue me in remembraunce I
beseche the: for I thoroughly
tremble and shake for fere.

Yet I wil not hold my tung
but crye stylll vnto the with a
mournyng and an heauy hert.
Turne away the stroke of thy
vengeance from me, bring my
mid out of troubles into rest.

I am

I am here no longer continuer, but a pylgryme and a straunger as all other mortall men be.

And what is man, that thou shouldest be angry with hym: or what is mankynde, that thou shouldeste bee so heavy lorde vnto vs?

What, wilte thou bryng sorowe vpon sorow? I pant for peyne and finde no rest.

My sorowe greueth me whan I shuld eate, & sodaine sighes ouerwhelme my hert.

I am as yf my bones were all to broken, whan I here myne enemyes raile vpon me, and saye to me daye by daye,

where is thy god?

Why turnest thou thy face away from these thynges (O lorde) why haste thou no regarde of my trouble?

I ernestly make my praiers dayly in thy syghte: and the heauynesse of my herte I doe shewe vnto the.

My spirite is carefull and troubled within me: and desperacion hathe entred into my hert.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde god) to cast away thine owne handy worke?

Delyuer my soule from corrupcion, and my lyfe frō euerlastyng darkenesse.

What

What auayleth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou caste me streyght into damnacion? seyng that the deade shall not prayse the, nor any of theym whiche goe downe to hel.

I have synned, what shall I do to the? why hast thou put me to be contrary to the? I am wery of mine owne selfe.

Why searchest thou out my synnes so narowly? when there is no man that can take out of thy hande.

If I wold saie, that I were rightuous and without synne: than thou mightest worthily condemne me to the fyre prepared for the deuill and his

angels.

But ſ confeſſe, that Ī am a ſynner, and Ī doo humble my herte in thy ſyght.

Surely if any man woulde ſtande with the in iudgement, he ſhal not be able to anſwere one worde to a thouſand thinges, wherwith thou mightest charge hym.

This maketh me to feare al my dedes: knowyng that thou ſpareſt not him that offēdeth.

If Ī loke vpon thy power, O howe mightie and ſtronge thou art: if Ī ſhal call for iudgement, who ſhall defend my matier, or ſpeake for me?

To the (O lord) Ī call and

cry

crye: to the my god, I make mine humble suite.

Tourne away thine angre frō me: that I may know that thou art more mercifull vnto me than my sinnes deserue.

What is my strength that I may endure: or what is thend of my trouble, that my soule may pacientlye abide it?

My strengthe is not a stony strength: and my flesshe is not made of brasse.

There is no helpe in my self, and my strengthe fleeth away from me.

Althoughe thou hyde these thynges in thy hearte: yet I knowe that thou wilt remem-

breme at length.

For thou arte true and iuste (O lorde god) thou doest not condemne vniustely: whyche rewardest man accordynge to his desertes.

All this is come vnto me, because I haue forgotten the: and not vsed my selfe truelye in thy testament.

My hert hath turned backwarde: and I haue folowed the desires of my flesshe.

And thou hast surely knowē this thing: which knowest the secretes of the hearte.

Lay not against me (O lord) the synnes of my youth: nor haue in remembraunce myne olde

old iniuries done against the.

Dayely sorowe ouercometh me: and sadnes possesseth my herte.

I loke after peace, but I can not haue it: I looke for a tyme of healthy, but my griefe continueth still.

When the tyme of thine anger is paste, leat mercy come, yet am I vnhappy more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I synned: my hearte therefore mourneth, and is sadde, all myrthe and ioye be banished from me.

Howe am I wasted? howe miserably am I confounded?

I will be-

becauſe I haue forſaken and caſte awaye thy lawe.

Deathe hath aſcended vp by the wyndowes: perſynge the inward partis of my hert.

Whan I dayly, one whyle muſe ſecretely with my ſelfe, an other whyle with lowde voice cry out and complaine: the meane tyme my lyfe draweth nere to the pitte.

Who ſhall geue me a place to reſte in from all my grefes and troubles: and I wyll forſake all men, and gette awaye from them.

Who ſhall geue me water to my heade, and a fountaine of teares to myne eyes: that

I maye bewayle my synnes both nyght and day.

And I wyll looke for hym whiche may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrathe to come.

I haue no truste neither in lyfe nor deathe: but I feare thy iudgement (O lorde) and the peynes prepared for wicked synners.

The feare of my synne maketh me carefull, and the burdeyne of my conscyence oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankynde, and arte most rightfull iudge: spare me now I beseche the, and shewe me

some fauoure while time is.

Forgeue that which I fere: putte awaye that whiche I drede: before I departe hens, and shall not retourne againe.

My synnes do vexe & trouble me sore: they be so greate that none can be greatter.

Alasse my falle, alasse my misery, alasse the greefe of my plage and stroke: ceartaynely my synne is the cause of all this, and so I wyl take it and suffre it.

The

¶ The fyfth Psalme,

For the obteinyng of godly wysedome.

O Lorde god of mercye, which by thy woorde hast made all thynges: and by thy wisdome hast created man.

O god eternall, to whom all thynges be knowen, be theye neuer so secrete: which knowest all thynges before they be done,

Open my lyppes, and my mouth, that I may speke and shewe fourthe the glorye and praise of thy name.

Geue me a newe herte, and a right

a right ſpirite: and take from me all wicked and ſynfull de=ſires.

O lorde, I am foliſhe, ignorant, and blind, whan I am de=ſtitute of thy knowlage.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulneſſe is ſo greate: that my eyes can not ſee, nor my hert perceiue.

Yea I am a very babe and a child, and knowe ful litle mine owne life and conuerſacion.

My lyppes bee defyled and vncleane, my tyme is ſhorte, and I am not able to vnder=ſtande thy lawe.

Geue thy ſeruant, I beſeche the, an hert apte to take lear=

nyng

ning: that I may knowe what thynge is acceptable in thy ſight at all times.

Sende downe from heauen the ſpirite of thy wyſedome, and repleniſhe my herte with knowlage therof.

Thy wiſedome geueth true knowlage: and oute of thy mouth procedeth both counſaile and intelligence.

Thy wiſedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: and maketh the tongue of infantes eloquent.

If any ſeeme to be perfecte emong men: yet if thy wyſedome forſake hym, he ſhal be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy wisedome is to men a treasure that faileth not: whiche who so vse, they are ioyned to god in loue and amitie.

Blessed well it is with that man [illegible]che is wittie in this behalf: and hath his soule endued with thy wisedome.

What man in all the worlde knowethe thy counsayle? or who can compasse in his mind what thy will is?

Who can comprehende thy purpose and minde? excepte thou geue him wisedome, and instructe hym with thy holye spirite.

For mennes reasons do faile in many thynges: and theyr fore-

forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortall and corrupcible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthely house of the body holdethe downe the minde, musing vpon many thynges.

Counsayle and good successe comethe from aboue: where also wysedome is and vertue.

With the (O lord) ar riches glory & righteousenesse, which be treasures incorruptible.

He that hath found out the: hath founde life: and he that loueth not the, loueth death.

O lorde god, touche my mouth, that my iniquitie may

be

be dryuen away: dwell thou in my herte, that my synnes may be purged.

Wisedome doeth not enter into a malycious soule: nor wyll abyde in a bodie, whyche is subiecte to synne.

Teache me (o lord god) lest my ignoraãce increase, and my synnes waxe mo and mo.

Let thy spirite teach me the thynges that be pleasante vnto the, that I may be led into the streight waye out of erroure, wherin I haue wandred ouer long.

Let thy wisedome be stablished in my spyrite: and write thy lawe in my herte.

Thy

Thy wisedom is to me more precious then all riches: and I desyre more to haue it then all other thynges, be they neuer so faire and goodly.

O lord, thou knowest, how sore I am enflamed with the loue of thy wisdom, whiche is my onely study & meditacion.

O howe pleasante and swete thy wordes be to my herte? truely muche more then hony is to my mouth.

Thy worde is a bright candell to my feete, and a light to my waies.

Thy wisedome pleaseth me more then thousandes of gold or of syluer can do.

I haue more plesure and de-
lectacion in the waye of thy
wysedome : then in great a-
boundaunce of treasure.

Wold god my waies may be
so ordered, that I may lerne
thy wisedome, & thy wordes.

Thy word geueth heate and
inflameth : wherfore I great-
ly desire it.

O happy is he (lord) whom
thou instructest : and makest
learned in thy lawe.

His soule shall alway studye
wysedome : And his tongue
shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of god shall bee
writen in his herte : and he
shall nat bee ouerthrowen as

he goeth.

O lord, whiche arte my god & my sauiour, here my praier, and my tonge shall euer speke and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is assistant to thy throne: that I may discerne betwene good and euill, and may knowe thy holy mysteries.

Open mine eies, that I may perceiue and behold the wonderfull thinges, whiche be in thy lawe.

Remembre thy worde nowe I call vppon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to knowe the waye of thy wisedome: and hide not thy knowledge

ledge from me.

Ordre me accordyng to thy mercie, and disapoint me not of that I loke for.

Teache me right wisedome and intelligence: for thy wise=dome is all that I desire.

Put thy word in my mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my herte.

Let thy wisedome rule and guyde my thoughtes: that they may alwayes please the.

Thy wordes be wonderfull and merueilous: wherfore my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wysedome is perfecte: and thy knoweledge is clere, and giueth lyght to the eyes:

It

It is more amiable then golde and precious stones, it is farre swetter then the hony combe.

Thy wisedome is pure and vndefiled, and maketh soules strong, thy wordes be certain and true, and geue vnderstanding vnto the simple.

Whan shal he that erreth in his spirite, haue knowledge? and whan shal he that is ignorant haue learning?

Whan wilt thou send downe thy holy spirite from aboue? whan shall the blynd herte be lyghtned with knowledge? whan shall the tongue, that stammereth, be made eloquent?

I am like a babe without wisedome and discrecion: let thy stronge hande (O lorde) bee my helpe.

I knowe that thou canst do all thynges: and nothynge is harde to the.

Thou arte great (O lorde) and canst not be knowen, and thy wysedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause before the: do with thy seruant according to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me and haue mercie vpon me: that I may bryng to passe that, whiche I beleue and thyncke maye bee done by the.

Make the way of thy wyse-

dome

dome knowen vnto me, and repleniſhe my herte with the knowlage therof.

Here my voice (O lord) accordyng to thy mercy: intrete me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glorie vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely arte good and wyſe: and there is none other ſauior beſide the.

Here me (O lorde) for thy name ſake: and withhold not thy mercy from me.

My lippes ſhall ſpeake and ſet forth thy laude and praiſe, whan thou haſt taught me thy wyſedome,

Then I wil declare thy mer-uayles: that other alſo may be

he conuerted vnto the.

And may bleſſe thy name for euer world without ende.

Amen.

¶ The ſyxte pſalme, A chriſtian man praieth, that he maie be herd of god.

[redacted]orde heare my pray= [redacted]: and leat my crye [redacted]ome to the.

Tourne not awaye thy face from me in the day of my tri= bulacion.

What daye ſo euer I ſhall call vppon the: here me (O lord god.)

For

For thou art great and worke-
kest wonders: thou onely art
god.

Also thy workes be great:
thy thoughtes be very pro-
found and depe.

Bowe downe thine eare vn-
to me: and here me, for I am
poore, and without helpe.

Haue mercy vpō me (o lord)
for when trouble cometh, I
flee vnto the for succour.

Make glad the soule of thy
seruant. for I haue lifted vp
my hert vnto the.

O lorde, thou arte good
and mercifull: and of muche
mercie to all theim that call v-
pon the.

Here my requeste and peti-
cion: and graciouſely accepte
my prayers.

O lorde god, in the I truſt:
let me not be confounded, I
beſeeche the: Delyuer me in
thy ryghtouſneſſe.

Herken vnto the voyce of
my crye (O my kyng and my
god) for I make my humble
ſuite vnto the.

Here my voyce, with which
I call vpon the: haue mercie
vpon me, and ſaue me.

My praiers be euer vnto the
(O lord god) if that the time
of thy gracious pleaſure ſhall
come: when that accordyng
to the multitude of thy mercy

thou

thou wilt here me in the truth of thy helthe.

Haue regarde vnto me (O lord) for thy mercy is swete, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies loke vpon me.

Go not farre away from me (O my god) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be plesaunt vnto the: and make that the thoughtes and meditacion of my herte maye bee acceptable afore the.

Tourne not awaye thy face from thy seruant, for trouble ryseth vp againste me on euery syde: wherfore nowe succour me.

My herte desirethe the, my soule sekethe for the: I tarye and loke whan I may beholde thy face.

Tourne not awaye thy face from me, caste not awaye thy seruant in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwayes helped me before this tyme: forsake me not now in my most nede, O my lorde and my god.

To the I crye dayly, go not away from me, and turne not the deafe eare vnto me.

Cause my praier to entre into thy presence: and lette my cry come vnto the.

Here me (O lorde) for I lyfte vp my mynde vnto thy

holy temple.

Helpe now in tyme of trou=
ble: for vayne is the helpe of
man.

I looke after thy helpe (O
lorde) and to thy iugementes
my wyll is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pi=
tie vpon me: for I am poore
and lefte alone.

O lorde god of hostes, yf
thou wilte, thou mayst helpe
me: nothynge can ouercome
thy strength.

My god, my god, leaue me
not in these greuous tribula=
cions for thy gret names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer
me, O lorde, make speede to
helpe

helpe me.

Be contentid to deliuer me: for in the I truſte (O lorde god.)

Behold, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitie.

I am poore, and in myſery, and great calamitie: and my ſtrength is gone from me.

Ariſe vp (O lorde) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunte.

Let ſaluacion and helth com to me frome the: that all my enemies may be aſhamed.

Thyne arme is myghty and ſtrong: and whan thou wilt, all thinges be obedient vnto the.

Bea-

Heauen is thine, yea & the earth is thine: thou madeste the world, & all that is therin.

Let thy mercy comfort me: whiche surely I desire more then this life.

I sticke to thy testimonies (O lord) leat me not be confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde) lorde here my voice.

O leat thyne eares marke wel the voice of my cõplaint.

O lorde, if thou impute my synnes vnto me: how may I loke for thy grace & pardon?

But thy mercy excedeth all thinges: and thy trueth passeth

ſith the heauens.

Wherefore my ſoule hathe loked to the: and to the maketh humble praiers.

O god, be not ſtyl, kepe not ſylence: but for thyne owne ſake, ſe that thy holy name be not diſhonoured.

Extende oute thy mercy to them that call vppon the, and thy rightouſneſſe to thē that ſeke the.

I haue caſte my burdeyn vpon the, beare me vp, and let me not allwayes be in wauering, ſeyng that I haue putte my truſt in the.

My ſoule cleaueth vnto the: make thy right hād to ſtrēgth

me

me against the power of mine enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and deliuer me: incline thine eares vnto my praiers, and saue me, for I am poore: O lord, haue regarde vnto me.

Thou (O lorde god) art my helpe and my sauiour.

O god, thy way is holy and rightful, what god is so gret as thou (O god) art?

Thou dost merualous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely art the highest vpon all the earthe.

Be nowe pacified towarde thy seruant: and hide thy face from me no longer.

Be good vnto me (lorde) as thou art full of goodneſſe thy ſelfe, that I may glorie in the all the daies of my life.

My lippes reioice to ſynge praiſe vnto the: and euen ſo dothe my ſoule, whiche thou haſte redemed.

My hert ſhall alwayes ſtudy thy rightwiſeneſſe, whan they ſhal be confounded, whiche ſeeke to do me harme.

I will rounne all the waye of thy commaundementes; whan thou ſhalte dilate and enlarge my herte.

Amen.

The

The .vii. psalme.

For an order and direccion of good liuing.

[redacted] the (O lorde) I lifte
[redacted]p my minde.

In the I truste (O lorde god) let me not be confounded, leste my ennemies make me their iestyng stocke and a matter to laugh at.

O lorde, make thy wayes knowen vnto me, and teache me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy truth, and instruct me: for thou art god my sauiour: I loke after the euery day.

O lorde, thou art swete and rightfull: and bringest againe into thy way, them that went out.

Thou ledest streight in thy iudgement them that be mild & tractable: and teachest them that be meke, thy wordes and testimonies.

Thou healest them that be contrite in hert: and assuagest their peines and griefes.

Thou holdest vp all theim, whiche els shulde fall: and all that are fallen, thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geueste sight to the blinde: and losest theim that be bounden.

Thou art nigh vnto all them that cal vpon the: so that they call vppon the faithfully and hartily.

Thou fulfillest the desire of them that feare the: and hearest their praier, and sauest them.

Haue mercy vppon me (O god) haue mercy vppon me: for in the my soule trusteth.

Verily my soule hath a speciall respect vnto the: for my helthe, my glory, and all my strength cometh from the.

For thine owne sake (O lord god) lay not my synnes to my charge.

I vnderstand not all mine er-

rours: innumerable troubles close me round about, my synnes haue taken hold vpon me: and I am not able to lcke vp.

Put to thy hande to healpe me: and leade me ryght in all my worlkes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy wayes, that no kinde of synne ouercome me.

Sette a watche before my mouthe: and kepe the doore of my lippes.

Let the wordes of my mouthe, and the meditacion of my herte be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy syght.

Let the worde of truth neuer go away from my mouth:

and

and ſuffre no malice to dwelle in my herte.

O lorde, deliuer my ſoule from lyng lippes : and ſaue me from the deceitfull tonge.

Putte into my mouthe thy true and holy worde: and take cleane from me all ydell and vnfruitefull ſpeche.

Deliuer me frome falſe ſurmiſes and accuſaciõs of men.

Rule me euẽ as thou thinkeſt good, after thy will & pleſure.

Turne away mine eies, that they beholde no vaine thynges: faſten them in thy waye.

Take from me fornicacion & al vncleanneſſe: and let not the loue of the fleſhe beguile me.

Yea deliuer my ſoule from pride, that it reigne not in me: and then I ſhall be clene from the greatteſt ſinne.

Stay and kepe my fete from euery yll way, leſt my ſteppes ſwarue from thy pathes.

My eyes loke euer vp vnto the (O lorde) becauſe thou art nygh at hande, and all thy wayes be the truthe.

Thy mercies be great and many (O lorde) bleſſed is he, who ſo euer truſteth in the.

For whan I ſayde vnto the, my fete be ſlipped: Thy mercy (O lorde) by and by did holde me vp.

Teache me to do thy wyll,

and

and lede me by thy path way, for thou art my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and deliuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Leat the brightnesse of thy face shine vpon thy seruaunt, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fledde for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercy vpon me: For I am desolate and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me, that I be not confounded: for I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: allthoughe I haue dooen no good in thy syght.

For thy goodnesse graunt me

that at the leaſte wiſe nowe I may beginne to liue well.

AMEN.

The eyght plalme

A chriſtian man prayeth, that he may be defended from his ennemies.

[redacted]God almighty, ſaue me from mine ennemies: and by thy ſtronge power defende and kepe me.

Preſerue my ſoule, for thou arte holy: ſaue thy ſeruaunt, whiche truſteth in the.

For ſtraungers do aſſaut me daiely: and ſeeke my ſoule to diſtroy it.

O god, healpe thou me: O lorde, deliuer me from them that rise vp against me.

Be redy (O god) to succour me: make haste to healpe me, O lorde.

Be thou my protectour, and a place of strength: wherein I maie safely be.

For thou art my strēgth and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine ennemies: and caste me not away in the time of tribulacion, when all my might is decaied.

Helpe me (O lorde god) and saue me for thy mercies

Haue mercy vppon me (O lorde) the god of my health: and in thy rightwisenes deliuer me.

From the vexacion of theim that persecute me: from the assaute of mine enemies, whiche compasse me about on euery side.

Let them be confounded & brought to nought, which be aduersaries vnto my soule: let them be couered with shame & rebuke, which seke my hurt.

Let them tourne backe with rebuke and shame, which saie, god hath forsaken hym: leat vs sette on him, and take him: for there is none that shall

deli=

deliuer hym.

Conioine thy selfe (O god) vnto my soule: make it strong, and deliuer me from mine ennemies.

Distroy them by thy power: and bring to nought all their strength.

That they reioice not, and say amonge them selues, We haue ouercome hym, and vtterly caste hym downe.

Saue me (O lorde god) for in the haue I trusted: saie to my soule, be not afraide, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what shal come of me, deliuer me from mine ennemies, for yet theye

ceasse

ceasse not.

Their crueltie encreaseth daiely more and more, and cõpanies of tyrantes violently come on me, and they haue not the before their eies.

But thou (O lorde) art gracious and mercifull: and sufferest long, and thy mercy and truth be great.

Loke vnto me, & haue mercy vppon me: endue thy seruant with some of thy strẽgth for I call vppon the, and ernestly make my praiers in thy sight.

My enmemies reioyce, that I am fallen, and that my hert hath turned out of thy waye.

But

But I truste in thy mercy, and my herte is comforted in hope to haue healpe and saluacion from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercy endurethe euer, and thy truth continueth from one generacion to another.

Leat all theym reioyce in the, and be gladde, whiche seeke the, and leat theim whiche loue to haue saluacion of the, saie: Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The

The ninth psalme

against ennemies.

[redacted]E lorde and behold, how many they be, which trou[redacted]ole me, howe many, whi= che make rebellió against me. They saie amonge them sel= ues of my soule: there is no healpe of god for it to truste vppon.

O lorde god, in the I haue put my hope and truste: saue me from them, which do per= secute me, and deliuer me.

Lest paraduenture at one time or an other, they take my life from me: and there be none to deliuer me frō them.

Haue

Haue pitie vpõ me (O lord)
Looke vppon the affliction,
which I suffre of my enemies
Forgette not thy poore ser-
uant: suffre not them, whiche
be oppressed, to loke for help
alwaies in vaine.
Put them to flight: disapoint
them of their purposes. Cast
them downe hedlyng as their
wickednes hath deserued, for
they are traitours and rebel-
les against the.
Let their power be brought
to nought: and their wicked-
nesse lyght vppon their owne
heades.
Let the wicked synners re-
turne into hell, and let them

fall and be taken in the pitte, whiche they haue digged.

I will truſt in the (O lorde) which ſaueſt them, that in the put their confidence.

They ſay, that thou forgetteſt thy ſeruauntes, and that thou hideſt thy face, bycauſe thou wilt not ſe their trouble

Their pryde is to vs muche grefe and vexation: and they glorie & triumph in our trouble aud aduerſitie.

Howe longe (O lord) wilte thou ſtand a farre of, and hide thy ſelfe in the tyme of tribulation?

Howe longe ſhall the wicked diſpiſe the? & ſay in theyr

herte,

herte, that thou regardeste nothyng.

Rise vp (O lorde) stretche out thy hande: forgette not them, whiche be oppressed.

Bring downe the power of the wicked: that they maye perisshe togyther with their wickednes.

Let thy zeale sodeinly come vpon them: the fyry thunderbolles and the spirite of the whirlewinde be portion of their parte.

Preuent me in the day of my tribulation: and delyuer me out of my distresses.

Haue mercy vppon me, for I am troubled on euery side:

and my ſtrengthe is decayed thorough myne iniquitie.

Myne ennemies ſpeake of me moche ſhame and rebuke: and they are wholly bente to take my lyfe from me.

The peynes of death compaſſe me rounde aboute: and the fluddes of my ſynnes trouble me ſoore.

The ropes of helle be tied rounde aboute me: and I am wrapped in the ſnares of deth and whiche way ſo euer I go, I fynde ſtumblynge blockes to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp (O lord) and puniſhe this noughty people, and deliuer me from my de-

ceitfull ennemies.

Heare me in the day of my tribulation: Let thy myghty name defende me.

For thou arte my fortreſſe, and my glory: and beareſt vp my weakenes and infyrmitie.

Saue me lord, I beſech the, that myne ennemies preuaile not againſte me.

Poure out thy indignation vpon them: and let the wrath of thy fury vex & trouble thē.

Let them be confoūded for euer: yea lette them tremble and peryſhe togyther.

Let them fall into the depe pytte: and neuer be able to ryſe vp agayne.

That they maye knowe thy name to be the lord of hostes, onely mighty and high, world without ende. Amen.

¶ The tenthe psalme, when the enmies be so cruel, that he can not suffer thē.

[redacted]e mercy vppon me [redacted] god) for myne ene= [redacted] treadeth me vnder [redacted]eete: he ceasseth not to assaulte me, and to do me mo= che grefe.

He alwais coueteth to swa= lowe me vp, and many there be that proudely bragge and crake against me.

They gather them selfes to

gither

gither in corners: they watch my steppes, howe they maye take my soule in a trappe.

They be like vnto a lion that is gredy of his prey, and lyke a yonge lyon, they priuily lie in waite for me.

They do besette my waies, that I shulde not escape: they loke and stare vpō me, to take me in their snare.

They haue prepared a nette for my fete: they haue digged a deepe pitte, that my soule might fall therin.

Make me stronge (O lorde god) by thy might and power make my way pfit before the.

Kepe my steppes continual-

ly in right pathes, leſte per=
chaunce my fete begin to ſlip.

I am ſo vexed, that I am vt=
terly wery, helpe me againſte
them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercy to be mer=
uailous in me: and deliuer my
ſoule out of their handes.

Hide me from the cõpany of
the wicked, and from the rage
of them that worke iniquitie.

According to thy great mer
cie quicken me, that nowe in
my ſorowe I be not brought
vnder the power of myne en=
my, which rageth againſt me.

Sende forthe thy lyght and
thy truth, and they ſhall leade
me vnto thy holy hille, and in

to thy tabernacles.

Instructe and teche my handes to battaile: make my armes stronge lyke a bowe of steele.

Girde me with strengthe to bataile: ouerthrow them that arise against me.

Instructe me in the waye, wherin I may walke: prouide for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe myne ennemies before my face: and distroye them that hate me.

Lest myne ennemyes ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to bee stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioice and be glad of my fall and declination : they be assembled togither agaynst me : they stryke to kyll me in the way before I may beware of them.

They curse and ban my wordes euery daye : and all theyr thoughtes be sette to doo me harme.

My life is as it were in the myddes of fierse lions: whose teeth be lyke vnto speares: and their tongue like a sharpe swearde.

And who shal stand with me against all these? or who shall ouercome these workes of iniquitie?

They shall flee and runne away (O lord) assone as thou rebukest them: frō the voice of thy thunder they shall run hedlyng.

Whyche lokeste vppon the earth, and it holely quaketh: whyche touchest the hylles, and they smoke.

Judgement procedeth from thy face, thyne eies do approue equitie.

Kepe me (O lorde) from mine aduersaries: and vnder the shadowe of thy wynges defend me.

Judge them that hurte me: fight agaynst them that fight with me.

Let them goo backewarde and haue yll lucke, whyche persecute me: put theim to shame that will my hurte.

Make them to be as dust in the winde: and let thy angell vexe and disquiet them.

Let them vanishe awaye like smoke: and as waxe melteth with the heate of the fire, so let them perish (O lorde) frō thy syght and presence.

Bete them downe, that they bee not able to stande: neuer geue ouer, vntill thou haue vtterly distroied them.

Make their waies darke and slippie: and lette thine angell fiersely go vpon them.

And

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vppon me, sende me helpe, and than I shall be able to resist them.

For I am weake and in sorowe: gyue thou me healthe and saluation.

Let thy hande correcte and chastise me: but delyuer me not vnto myne enemies.

My soule is filled with the scornyng & derision that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the dispitefulnes of the proude.

My soule is cleane discouraged within me: it groneth and fretteth in it selfe againste me: yet wyll I truste in the:

for

for that I shall eftsones gyue the thankes agayne, for the helpe and saluation that thou sendest me.

For thy very truthe nowe helpe me, O thou which arte my helth, and the hope & comfort of al regions of the erth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginning: thine eies beholde all thynges.

What God is there but thou? who is soo stronge as thou our god?

In thy protection I wylle truste: vntill iniquitie be passed and gone.

In

In the, I shall be strong and sure for euermore.

The eleuenth psalme,
Of confidence and truste in god.

[redacted]Lord, whiche arte my [redacted]yght, and my healthe, [redacted]of whome shall I be afrayde?

O lord, thou art the strēgth of my lyfe: in the I will euer truste.

For lyke as the hert (whan he is chased) coueteth to the riuers of water: euen so (O lorde) my soule desireth to be with the.

My ſowle thyrſteth to be with the: for with the is the fountayne of lyfe, and recreation in aduerſitie.

Here in this worlde is labour and peyne, calamitie and miſerie.

We haue bataile daily with ennemies: we haue noo reſte here ſo longe as we liue.

But whan ſo euer we putte our truſt in thy helpe: thā we ſhalbe ſure by thy protection: ſayinge vnto the: Thou arte our defendour, our refuge, & our god, and in the we truſte: Thou ſhalt delyuer me from the ſnares of the hunters: and from the perilles of my per-

ſecutours.

Thou ſhalte make a ſhadow for me, vnder thy ſhoulders: and vnder thy winges, I ſhall be harmeleſſe.

Thy truth ſhalbe my ſhielde and bucklar: and no euill ſhall approche nere vnto me.

And therfore yf my enmyes ſhall warre agaynſte me, that they maye deuoure me holly: yet I will not flee, nor turne my backe.

Although neuer ſo ſtronge enemies ſhal pitche their tentes againſt me: my herte ſhall not be afraide: if deth ſodeynly come vpon me: in the, will I reſt without feare.

Thou ſhalte hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduerſitie: thou ſhalte hyde me in ſome ſecrete place of thy tente: thou ſhalt ſet me vpon a ſure rocke.

Thou ſhalte lifte me vp aboue my ennemies beſiegyng me rounde aboute: and thou ſhalte deliuer me out of their handes.

If I ſhall walke in the mides of tribulacion, thou ſhalte kepe me, and ſhalte ſtretche forth thy hand againſte myne enemies: and thy right hande ſhall ſaue me.

O lord, thou ſhalte dooe and bryng to paſſe all thynges for me,

me: thy mercie endureth euer: thou wilt not dispise thy owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me out of the nette, whiche mine ennemies haue spredde abrode to catche me in: thou shalte take me out of their pitte.

O howe great be the good thinges, whiche thou laiest vp in store for them that feare the: whiche also thou shewest to them that truste in the, euē in the syght of the children of men.

Thou hidest them in the secrete place of thy countenace from trouble of enemies: and from their contencions.

O lord, what a precious tre
ſure is thy goodnes: and men
ſhall truſte in thy protecion.
They ſhalbe filled with the
plentifulnes of thy hous: and
thou ſhalt make them drynke
of the riuer of deynties.
They ſhall drynke with the
of the fountain of lyfe, and in
the lyght, they ſhall ſe lyght.
Thy rightouſnes is as the
hyghest mountaines: and thy
iudgementes be like vnto the
depe bottomles waters.
Thy mercie ſtretcheth vp
to the heuens: and thy truth
aſcendeth vp to the ſame.
O lorde god, thou haſt euer
from age to age, bene our re-

fuge and ſuccour.

Before the foundacions of the earth were layd, without begynnyng and endyng thou arte god.

O my god, thou haſt helped me euer from my youth: and vntyll my olde age and laſte dayes forſake me not.

I wyll acknowlage, that I haue all my ſtrengthe of the, for thou arte my protection, my god, and my ſauiour.

And therfore what tyme ſoeuer I ſhall be afrayde: I wil truſt in the.

What tyme ſo euer I ſhall call vpon the: I knowe that thou art my god.

Kepe thy mercie for me alwayes: and thy couenant that thou haſt made with me, let it be ſurely perfourmed.

And yf I haue ſwarued frō thy lawe, and not walked in thy iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy ſtatutes, and tranſgreſſed thy commandementes:

Than with thy rodde viſite mine offences: and with ſtripes correcte my treſpaſſes.

But take not thy mercy away from me: nor let not thy promiſe be voide & of none effect.

Breke not the couenant that thou haſte made with me, and change not that whiche hath

iſſued

issued out of thy mouth.

For in the (O god) our helth and glorie do the consist, thou arte our helper: in whom we do euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, whiche trust in the, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is cõfounded? or who hath called vpon the, and thou hast dispised hym?

For thy name sake (O lord) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they bee manie and greuouse.

Thou art a sure staye to thẽ that dreade the: and shewest theim thy testament.

And vnto the I cry, O lord, and I beleue that thou wylte saue me, for thy greate mercies sake.

Thou shalte redeeme my soule in peace from the wrath whiche is to come in the laste daye.

I wyll offre vp to the sacrifice of laude and prayse: and I will render vp my vowes to the, which art the highest.

The wicked watche, & loke to distroy me: but I truste in thy mercy.

Thou arte my protectour and my bucklar: my god, my strength, my refuge, and deliuerer.

I tarye and loke for healpe from the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lorde, what great pleasures thou haste prepared for me in heauen: that I shoulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the:

My mooste pleasure is to cleaue faste vnto the: And in the to sette my hoope and truste.

I commytte my spirite into thy handes: delyuer me frome the powers of darkenesse of this worlde.

Amen.

The. xii. plalme.

If god differre to helpe longe tyme.

[redacted] god, my god, why [redacted]keſt thou me: why [redacted]lokeſt not vpon my ne= ceſſitie?

Shall thy mercy faile for e= uer: wilte thou neuer be plea= ſed more?

How long wilt thou be miſ= contented with me, O lorde? wilte thou kendle thine angre throughly as it were fire?

When wilte thou haue any regarde to deliuer my ſoule? to deliuer my life trō diſtruc=

cion

cion of enemies.

Howe long shall I cry, and thou wilt not here? how longe shall I make exclamacion for very peyne, and thou wilt not saue me?

O lorde god of hostes, how long wilt thou be angry with the prayers of thy seruaunt?

Come agayne vnto me (O god my sauiour) & take away thine indignacion against me.

Whan thou art tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges agayne: and he that was in sadnesse before, shall take ioy and comforte of the.

Let thy hande be to healpe mã, which is thy handiworke,

whome

whom thou haste exalted and magnified to sette furthe thy glorie.

Myne enemyes liue welthily and are stronge: and they whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde dayly.

They dispraise and sette at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comforte.

They say to me daily, Thou trustest in god, let hym delyuer the, and saue the: yf so be that he beare loue and fauour towardes the.

They lepe at me, as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wycked barke at

me:

me: they beſette my handes and fete rounde about.

O loide, go not farre away from me: thou art my ſtrēgth, make ſpede to helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule from deth, turne my waye from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of lyons: and laue me from the depe lake.

Thou arte bothe holye and ſtronge, and no man is able to reſiſte the, whan thy angre is great and feruent.

Who ſhal not feare the (O lord?) or which of all pryncis ſhall not obey the?

The earthe trembleth and

quaketh for feare of thyne angre: and the people ſhal not be able to abyde thy threatnynge.

Helpe me, O lorde god, my ſauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: and forgeue my treſpaſſes.

For I do vtter and expreſſe myne iniquitie vnto the: and my ſyn greueth me very ſore.

Ariſe vp (O lorde) & helpe me: & deliuer me for thy mercies ſake.

O god, my refuge, and my ſtrength, which haſt ben euer a great helpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddeſt receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came oute of my mothers wombe,

and

and thou wast my helper, whā I sucked my moders brestes.

I was left to the as sone as I was borne, euen frome my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

Withdrawe not thy selfe far away from me: for tribulacion is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine enemies compasse me roūd about: my persecutours besiege me on euery side.

And I am feeble and weake, and sore broken: the perne of my herte maketh me to grone and syghe.

I am as the water that is cast forthe: my strengthe is

gone

gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

Haue mercy vppon me (O lorde) haue mercy vpon me: and impute not my sinnes vnto me, which I haue done by folye.

Remembre not my synnes passed, let thy mercies preuent them: for I am in a meruailous wretched case.

I am weakened and cleane out worne: and go mournyng euery day.

And nowe (O lorde) what loke I after? verily my soule loketh to the for helpe.

Shewe now and declare thy goodnes to me, and withhold

not

not thy helpe from me.

My soule is replenyshed with troubles & aduersities, and draweth neere vnto deathes dooze.

I am in great pouertie and nede, and my herte is sooze troubled within me.

Caste me not awaye in the tyme of my moste necessitie: and now, whan my strengthe faileth me, faile not thou me, O lorde.

Deliuer me from mine enemies: & make me not a mocking stocke to them that ieste and raile vpon me.

Saue me from these rozyng lions, redy to deuour, and fro

the hãdes of them that wold haue my liue from me.

I do crye to the (O lorde) for thou arte my hoope, and my porcion in the lande of lyuers.

Bringe my soule out of prison, and set my fete in a place, wher I may walke at libertie.

Tourne not awaie thy face from me, leste I be made like vnto them that discende into the pitte.

Geue eare vnto my prayers, for I am punyshed & brought very lowe.

Deliuer me from my persecutours: for they be muche stronger than I.

O lorde, here me spedily: lest my spirite faile within me.

Deliuer my soule oute of trouble, and in thy mercie distroy all mine ennemies.

And make them to perishe, which wolde distroy me: for I am thy seruant. Amen.

¶ The. xiii. psalme,

In whiche he geueth thākes to god, that his enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of him.

[redacted]Wil magnifie & praise the (O lorde god) for thou haste exalted me and set me vp: and my enne=

mies haue not gotten the ouerhande of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the, and thou haste saued me.

Thou hast brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden me vp from fallyng into the depe lake, from whense no man retourneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in the handes of mine ennemies: but thou hast sette my feete in a place bothe wyde and brode.

I haue sought the, and thou haste hearde me: thou haste brought me into libertie out of great distresse.

Thou

Thou haste tourned my sorowe into gladnesse, thou hast cessed my mournyng, and compassed me rounde about with mirth.

Thou haste declared thy great magnificence in helping thy seruaunt.

Thou hast done mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou haste regarded the peine of the poore: thou hast not tourned awaye thy face from me.

I will euer be synging and speakyng of thy mercies: and I will publishe to other thy fidelitee and truthe, so longe as I shall liue.

My mouth shall neuer cesse to speke of thy rightousnesse, and of thy benefites: whiche be so many, that I can not nũbre theym.

But I wil geue the thankes tyl death take me away: I wil synge in the preyse of the, so longe as I shall continue.

I will triumphe & reioyce in thy mercy, for that thou hast loked vppon my necessities, and regarded my soule in my great distresse.

Thou hast bene my sure refuge, and the strength of my trust and hope.

I thanke the lorde, for thy goodnesse alwaie: and for thy

exceding mercy.

Thou haſt ben my comforte in the tyme of my trouble, thou haſt bene mercyful vnto me (O lorde) and haſt reuenged the wronges, that myne enemies haue done to me.

According to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my mynde, thy comfortes haue chered and lightned my hert.

Thou haſt ſent me nowe ioye for the dayes wherein I was in ſorowe: and for the yeres in whome I ſuffered many a peynfull ſtorme.

Thou haſt called to remembrance the rebuke that thy

ſeruant hath ben put to : and howe furiouſly mine enemies haue perſecuted me.

O lord god of hoſtes, who may be compared vnto the? thou art great, and greatly to be preyſed.

Thou art high vpon all the earth, thou art exalted far aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face : holineſſe & magnificence in thy ſanctuarie.

With iuſtice and iudgement thy roial throne is ſtabliſhed: mercie and trueth goe before thy face.

Bleſſed art thou (O lorde) whiche haſt not holden backe

thy

thy mercy from thy seruaunt.

After that I had long loked for the (O lorde) at the laste thou diddest attend vnto me, and heardest my crye.

Thou haste taken me out of the lake of miserie: and set my feete vpon a rocke, and made my steppes sure.

Thou hast geuen me my desire: I haue seen thy ioyefull countenaunce.

Thou hast striken all my aduersaries, and haste abated their strength.

Thou haste rebuked the rablement of theim that vexed me: and hast plucked me furth of their handes.

Thou haſt caſte them head-
ling into their owne pit: their
fete be wrapped in the nette,
whiche they layde pryuilye
for me.

Mine ennemies are reculed
backe, they are fallen downe
and diſtroyed from thy ſight.

Thou haſte been the poore
mans defence, and his helper
in tribulacion, whan mooſte
nede was.

Thou haſt done iudgemente
for me: thou haſt defended my
cauſe againſt my accuſers.

And althoughe thou were
very angry with me a lyttell
while: yet nowe I liue thor-
ough thy merci & goodneſſe.

Verily

Uerily I ſuppoſed with my ſelfe, that I was cleane caſte away out of thy fauour.

But thou haſt herd my praiers: and according to thy gret mercie haſt taken me again in to thy fauour.

O lord, of thine owne mind and wyll, thou haſte geuen ſtrengthe vnto my ſoule: but when thou hyddeſt thy face frō me (O lord) how greatly was I aſtonied?

When I was in aduerſitie, then I cryed vnto the, and thou diddeſt anſwere me: whē my ſoule was in gret anguiſh and trouble, then (O lord) I did remembre the.

I haue tasted and sene howe swete thou art: truely blessed is that mā that trusteth in the
According to thy name, so is thy cōmendacion and prayse: but thy counsailes touchinge vs, be without example, and gretter thē can with wordes be expressed.
Dominion, power, and glorie, be thine: for thou haste made all thinges: and because thy will is so, they dooe styll continue.
Thy name be blessed, prayssed, and magnified, both now, and euer: and worlde without ende. AMEN.

The

The fourtenth psalme,

In which the goodnesse of god is praised.

O Lord our gouernour, how wonderful is thy maiestie thorough oute the whole worlde: which hast set thy glorie aboue all the heuens.

What is man, that thou magnifiest him so greatly? or the son of man that thou doest visite hym?

O lord, thou arte great and muche to be preysed in thy holy hill.

Praise be vnto the (O lorde god)

god) let our vowes made to the, be alwaies perfourmed.

Confessyon and magnificence are thy worke: and thy righteousenesse cõtinueth for euermore.

Thou hast done many thinges (O lorde god) both merueilous and great: and there is none that can be lyke vnto the in thy workes.

Thy waies be iust and true, who will not feare and dreade the, and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lord god) with all my hertc: and I wyll halowe thy name for euer.

O lord, thou art my strength and my prayse: Thou haste

brought

brought downe myne enne=
mies, whiche art a iudge euen
from the beginnyng.

Thy right hand is exceding
strong: thy ryght hande wor=
keth many great actes.

Thine arme is mightie and
strōg: and because it hath ple=
sed the: thou hast strengthned
mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy great and
dreadfull name, for it is holy.

Although I haue fallen, yet
I am not crushed in pieces:
for thou haste susteyned my
hande.

I haue opened and shewed
my waye vnto the: and in the
I haue trusted, and thou at

length

length hast accomplished my desires.

Thou haste broken the heades of mine enemies, and hast made them to stoupe: whiche walked proudely in their synnes.

Thou haste dominion ouer their power, and whan theye be exalted and sette a lofte in their waies, thou abatest their courage, and destroyest them with thy myghty arme.

In thy name I will euer resorce, and in thy mercie is all my glorie.

Thou louest righteousenesse and iudgement: the earth is replenished with thy mercie.

Thy eie loketh fauourably vpon theim that dreade the, and truste in thy mercy.

There shall no good thynge be lackyng to them that seeke the, and they that feare the, shall not be helpeleſſe.

For thou doeſt ordre theyr wayes, and heareſt them whā they crie vnto the.

That thou mayeſt delyuer their ſoules from death: and ſwage their peines whā they be grieued.

For thou helpeſt thē, whoſe hertes be brokē with ſorowe: and beareſt vp with thy hande thē that be contrite in ſpirite.

Thou ſaueſt the ſoules of

thy ſeruauntes, and all they that truſte in the, ſhall not be diſtroyed.

Wherfore my tongue ſhall ſyng thy prayſe (O lord god) I will alwaies magnifie the.

I will loue the (O lord) whi che art my ſtrength, my ſtay, my might, my ſauiour, and my refuge,

My god, my defendour, and my bucklar, the ſtrēgth of my ſaluacion, and my ſupporter.

After that I had called vpon the with due laude & prayſe, thou haſt ſaued me from mine ennemies.

Whan I was in trouble I called vppon the, thou haſt

herd

herd my voice out of thy ho-
ly temple, and my crye hathe
entred vp into thyne eares.

Thou haste saued me frome
mine aduersaries that rose vp
against me: thou hast deliue-
red me from wicked enemies.

Thou haste taken me frome
the company of euill men, and
mine eie hath sene vpon mine
ennemies the thinges that I
desired.

And therfore if it shuld for-
tune me to passe thorough the
darke vale of death: I will go
without feare, for thou wylte
be with me, thy rodde and thy
staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalt deliuer me from

tribulacion: thou shalte kepe me from theim, which seke to distroy me.

Mine eies be vppon the (O lorde) for thou shalt bring my fete furth of the snare.

Unto the (O lorde god) I will performe my vowes, I will geue the thankes bothe now and euermore, & worlde without ende. Amen.

The. xv. psalme.

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the same.

[redacted]y soule prayseth the [redacted] (O lorde) and all that [redacted] within me, prayseth thy

thy holy name.

My soule geueth thee humble thankes, and thy benefites I will neuer forget.

Whyche forgeuest all my synnes: and healest al mine infirmities.

Whiche haste saued my lyfe from distruction: and shewed in me thy grace and mercy.

Whiche hast satisfied my desire with good thinges, & shalt ones restore my youth againe.

Thou hast entreted me mercifully at al times, and hast reuenged me of mine ennemies.

Thou haste ben a defence to me (O lorde) and a sure foundacion of my wealth.

Thou hast guided me with thy counsaile, and taken me to the thorough thy mercie.

Thou hast many waies declared in me thy great mighte and power, and after thine angre hath ben past, thou haste tourned agayne and comforted me.

Thou haste sente me many greuouse troubles, but at the length thou hast broughte me out of the bottõles depenesse.

Thou haste made me priuie to thy waies, and hast not hid thy counsailes from me.

Thou arte full of mercie and grace (O lorde) slowe to wrath, & ready to goodnesse.

Thy

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaye, and thou kepest not backe thy mercies in thine angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not according to our sinnes, nor punishest vs accordyng to our desertes.

Loke howe hye the heauen is in comparison of the earth: so great is thy mercie towardes vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so far (O lorde) remoue our sinnes from vs.

Lyke as a naturall father hath pitie vpon his children: euen so (O lorde god) thou

hast had compassion vpon vs.

Thou haste not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that we are fleshe, yea all men liuyng.

And that the age of men is like vnto grasse, and maye be compared to the flowres in the fielde.

Which as sone as the sharp wind hath blowen vpon theim with his blastes, wither away and die, so that no man can tell where they did growe.

But thy mercy (O lord) and thy louynge kyndnesse is alwayes vppon them that feare the: and thy rightuousnesse endureth euer.

So

So that we kepe our pro-
mise and couenant with the:
and so remembre thy cõmaun-
dementes, that we do theym
in dede.

O lord, thou hast stablisshed
thy throne in heauen: & thou
gouernest al thinges by thine
imperiall power.

I will magnifie the (O god)
and prayse thy name, worlde
without ende.

I will geue the thankes al-
way, and make thy name glo-
rious for euer.

O lorde, thou arte puissaunt
and great: and thy magnifi-
cence is vnsercheable.

One generacion shall shewe

to an other thy workes, and they shal declare thine auncient noble actes.

They shall euer prayse the magnificence of the glorie of thy holinesse, and the memorie of thy great goodnesse.

For thou arte good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie excedeth all thy workes.

The eies of all men beholde and wait vpon the: that thou shuldest geue theim their sustenance in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hande, and fyllest euery liuynge creature with foode necessary.

O lorde, thou arte rightful in all thy wayes, and holy in

all

all thy dedes.

Thou kepest all theym that loue the, and the torment of malice shall not touche theim.

My mouth shall speake thy glorie and prayse, and al liuing creatures shal honour thy holy name for euer.

Prayse the lorde, O ye his angelles, myghtie in power, whiche do his cõmandementes, and obeye the voyce of his worde.

Prayse ye all togither god O ye, all his hostes, you his ministers, that do his will and pleasure.

Prayse the lorde as I do, and let vs magnifie his name togi=

togither.

Prayse the lorde, O ye, all his saínctes, for his name is glorýouse, and his prayse goth aboue bothe heauen and earthe.

Prayse the lorde togither, O ye, all his worke, euery thyng that liueth, prayse the lorde. Amen.

FINIS. XV. PSALM.

MORVM.

The

The.xxi.psalme of Dauid.

The complaint of Christ on the crosse.

[illegible] GOD, MY [illegible] god, why hast [illegible] thou forsaken [illegible] me? it semeth [illegible] that I shal not [illegible] obteine deliue [illegible] though I seke for it with loude cries.

My god, I will crye all the day long, but thou wilt not an swere: and all the night long, without takyng any rest.

The

The meane time thou moste holieſt, ſemeſt to ſit ſtill, not caryng for the thynges that I ſuffre: whiche ſo ofte haſte healped me heretofore, and haſte geuen to thy people Iſraell ſufficient argument and matier to prayſe the with ſonges, wherwith they haue geuen thãkes to the for thy beneñtes.

Our forefathers were wont to put their truſt in the: and as often as they did ſo, thou diddeſt deliuer them.

As ofte as they cryed for helpe to the, they were deliuered: as ofte as they committed theim ſelfe to the, they

were

were not put to any ſhame.

But as for me I ſeme rather to be a worme than a man: the dongehill of Adam: the oute caſt of the vulgar people.

As many as haue ſeene me: haue laughed me to ſcorne, & reuiled me, and ſhakyng their heades in deriſion at me: haue caſt me in the teeth, ſaiynge:

He is wont to boſt and glorie, that he is in great fauour with god: wherfore let god nowe deliuer hym, yf he loue hym ſo well.

By thy procurement (O lorde) I came out of my mothers wombe: And thou gaueſt me good comforte: euen

whan I ſucked my mothers breaſtes.

Thorough thy meanes I came into this worlde: and as ſoone as I was borne, I was lefte to thy tuicion: yea thou waſt my god, whan I was yet in my mothers wombe.

Wherfore go not farre away from me: for daunger is euen now at hand, and I ſe no man that will helpe me.

Many bulles haue cloſed me in, bothe ſtrong and fatte, they haue cõpaſſed me round about.

They haue opened their mought againſt me, lyke vnto a lion that gapeth vppon his

praye,

pray, and roseth for hunger,

I am powred out lyke water, and all my lymmes losed one frome an other, and my hert is melted within me, as it were waxe.

All my strengthe is goone and dryed vp lyke vnto a tyle stoone, my tongue cleaueth to the roufe of my mouthe: and at the laste I shall be buryed in the earth as the deade be wont.

For dogges haue compassed me rounde aboute: and the moste wicked haue conspired againste me, they haue made hooles thorough my handes and my feete.

I was so vngentelly intreated of theym, that I myght easyly number all my bones: and after all the peyne and tourment that they dydde to me, with greuouse countenaunce they stared and loked vppon me.

They dyuyded my clothes emonge them, and caste lotte for my cote.

Wherfore lorde, I beseche the go not farre from me, but for as muche as thou arte my power and my strength, make haste to helpe me.

Delyuer my soule from danger of the swearde, and kepe my lyfe destytute of all mans

helpe, frome the violence of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouth of the lion, and take me from the hornes of the vnicornes.

I will shewe vnto my bretherne the maiestye of thy name, and whan the people is moste assembled togither, I wyll prayse and sette forth thy mooste worthy actes and deedes.

All that worshippe the lord, praise hym, all the posteritie of Jacob magnifie hym, all ye that be of the stocke of Israell, with reuerence serue and honour hym.

For he hath not dispysed

and sette at nought the poore man, because of his myserie: nor he hath not disdaynefully tourned away his face frome hym: but rather as soone as the poore man cryed vnto hym for helpe, he heard hym by and by.

I wil praise the with my songes openly in a multitude of people, and I will perfourme my vowes in the sight of them that honour the.

The poore shall eate, and be satisfied: they shall preise the lord, that study to please him: and as many of you as continue styll suche, your hertes shall liue.

All

All the endes of the worlde shall consider these thynges, and be tourned to the lord: and all heathen nacions shall submitte them selfe, and doe homage vnto the.

For the lorde hath a power royall, and an impertall dominion ouer the heathen.

The mooste myghtie and greatteste of all theym that dwell on the earthe, haue eaten, and after that they haue tasted the spirituall gyftes of the lorde, they haue submytted theym selfe, and made humble suite vnto hym: yea and all the deade, whiche are burryed in the earthe, shall

kneele and make reuerence in his honoure: because he hath not dysdained to spende his owne lyfe for theim.

They that shall come after vs, shall honoure and serue hym.

These thinges shalbe written of the lorde, that our posteritie maye knowe and vnderstand them.

That they also maye come and shewe these thynges to the people, that shalbe borne of theym, that the lorde hath done these thynges, whyche be so meruaylous.

A plalme of thankes gyuyng.

Iubilate deo omnis terra.

[redacted]ce and syng in the
[redacted]our of the lord, all
[redacted] that liue on earthe.
[redacted]oshyppe and serue the
lorde with gladnesse, comme
into his syghte and presence
with ioye and myrthe.

Acknowlage you, and confesse, that the lorde is that god, whyche hathe created and made vs, for trewely we made not our selfe, but we be his people and his flocke, whych he nourysheth and fe-

deth continually.

Go ye thorough his gates, to gyue hym thankes for the innumerable benefites, whyche ye haue receiued of hym: and to synge thoroughe his courtes his woorthye actes and deedes, prayse hym, and hyghely commende his name.

For the LORDE is bothe good and gracyouse, and his mercy is infinite: he is moste constant in keping of his promyses, not to one generation only, but euen to all.

¶ A prayer for the kynge.

[illegible] Jesu Christe [illegible] most high, most mighty [illegible]ye, kynge of kynges lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princes, the very sonne of god, on whose ryghe hand syttynge, doeste frome thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth: with moste lowly hartes we beseche the, vouchesafe with fauourable regarde, to beholde our most gratious soueraygne lorde, kynge HENRY the eight, and so replenyshe hym with the

grace of thy holye spyrite, that he alway inclyne to thy wyll, and walke in thy waye, kepe hym farre of frome ignorraunce, but thoroughe thy gyft, let prudence and knowlage alwaye abounde in his royal hart: So instructe hym (O LORDE IESV) reygnynge vpon vs in earth, that his humaine maiestie, alwaye obeye thy diuine maiestye in feare and dreade. Indue hym plentyfully with heuenly gifftes. Graunte him in helth and welthe longe to lyue. Heape glory and honour vppon him. Shadde hym with the ioye of thy countenace. So strength

hym,

hym, that he maye vanquyshe and ouercome all his and our foes, and be dread and feared of all the ennemies of his realme. Amen.

¶ A praier for men to saye entryng into battaile.

O MYGHTY kyng [illegible] lorde of hooſtes, [illegible]yche by thy aungelles therunto appoynted, doſt miniſter bothe warre & peace, and whiche dyddeſt geue vnto Dauid bothe courage and ſtrength, beynge but a lytell

one,

one, vnarmed, and vnexperte in feates of warre, with his ſlyng to ſette vppon and ouer= throwe the great huge Goli= ath, our cauſe now beyng iuſt, and beynge inforced to enter into warre and battayle, we moſte humbly beſeche the (O lorde god of hooſtes) ſoo to tourne the hertes of oure en= nemies to the deſire of peace, that no chriſten blud be ſpilt: or elles graunt (O lorde) that with ſmall effuſyon of bloud, and to the lyttell hurte and domage of innocētes, we may to thy glorie, opteyne victo= rie: and that the warres be= ynge ſoone ended, we may al

with

with one hert and mynd, knit togither in concorde and vnitie, laude and preise the, whiche liuest and reignest, worlde without ende. Amen.

A praier for forgeuenesse of sinnes.

[redacted] haue strayed abrode, [redacted]e a lost sheepe: seke [redacted] thy seruant (O lorde) for I haue not forgotten thy commaundementes. Remembre not (lorde) the offences and ignorances of my youth. Mynde me according to thy mercy. Lorde, for thy [redacted]

~~[illegible] sake, kepe my soule, des~~ liuer me, for I haue hooped in thee. Tourne my waylynge into ioye, Cutte my sacke of sorowe in pieces, and clothe me with gladnesse, and I will syng thy glorie. Amen.

FINIS.

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Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

The fyrst spalme,

For the obteining remis= sion of sinnes.

LORDE OF lordes, god al= myghty, great and dreadefull, whiche by thy woorde haste made heauen, earthe, the sea, and all thyngs conteined in them.

Nothing is able to resist thy power, thy mercy is ouer all thy workes.

All thinges be vnder thy do= minion and rule: both man and beast, and al liuing creatures.

HEREFORDIENSIS

Thou art merciful to whom thou wylt, and haſt compaſſion on whom it pleaſeth the.

Thy counſayle ſhall ſtande for euer, and what ſoo euer thou wilt, ſhall be done.

Power, dominion, and glory is thyne. whiche art aboue all thinges, and in all thinges, and in vs all.

Thou art father of mercies, and god of all grace, peace, & comfort, whyche wylt not the death of a ſynner, nor deliteſt in the damnacion of ſoules.

O lorde god, whiche art ryche in mercie, and of thine eſpeciall loue towardes vs, euen whan we were thyne enemies

nemies by synne, diddest send into the worlde thine only begotten son Jesus Christ: that who so euer beleueth duely in hym, shall not perysshe, but haue euerlastyng lyfe.

Haue mercy vpon me, haue mercy vpon me, according to thy great mercy.

And accordynge to the multitude of thy mercyes, put away mine offences.

O god most holy, washe me frō my wickednesse, and make me clean from min vnclēnesse.

For I acknowlage (O lord) myne heinous sinnes, and accuse my selfe of mine vnrighteuous dedes.

I confesse againste my selfe, the wickednesse of my herte, which hath ben euer vnfaithfull, and rebellyng againste thy preceptes.

I haue been an vntrue and a frowarde chylde to the, and haue prouoked the with my vanities.

O holy father, I haue offended thy diuine maiestie: and am not worthi to be called thy sonne.

Because I prouoked the to angre through the multitude of my sinnes: and haue not exercised my selfe in thy ryghtfull lawes.

I haue tourned backe from thy

thy waies, and done euill be=
fore the: I haue done wyc=
kedly and vniustely behaued
my selfe, leauyng thy cõman=
dementes, and murmuring a=
gainst thy correction.

I haue tourned my selfe a=
way, and not kept my promise
made vnto the: I haue wal=
ked in an euill way after mine
owne thoughtes and fanta=
sies, chosing the thinges that
thou woldest not.

O lorde god almyghtye, I
haue not feared the, nor she=
wed due reuerence vnto the:
but I haue ben disobedient &
stubburne against the.

As a cõmon harlot is with=

out shame, euen so am I with out shame of my synnes: for (beholde) I speake vnto the, and yet I sin more and more.

I haue lefte that whiche is good, and gone backe frome the: and I haue not putte my trust and hope in the (my maker) but haue sought for help and safegarde other wyse.

I haue plowed wickednesse, and reaped iniquitie, and eaten the frute of lyes: because I haue trusted in myne owne way.

I haue caste thy lawes behind my backe not regardyng thy commaundementes, nor leauyng myne owne leude cu-

stomes.

stomes.

I haue not gruen my herte to retourne to thy pathes: For I wolde not knowe the, but haue fallen through mine iniquitie.

I neuer vnto this day tourned truely vnto the with all my hert: but as a woman that breakeh her fidelitie and promise vnto her husbande, euen so (O lorde god) I haue broken my promise vnto the.

For I haue lyued abhominably, & haue had no remorse nor repentaunce for my euyll dedes: but haue runne frome synne to synne, folowyng the leude desyres of my hert.

Thou knoweste all thynges (O lorde) howe I haue prouoked the to displeasure by my leud inuencions: and none of all my sinnes be hyd frome the.

I hated thy dyscipline and correction: and regarded not thy wordes and sayynges.

I haue not done penance for my malice: but haue encreased in much vanitie.

My hert hath ben voide of truthe: and my handes haue wrought vnrightuousnesse.

My tunge hath spoken sinfully: & I haue labored with the imaginacion of my herte to finde out lies and deceites,

and

and no truthe hathe ben in my waies.

I haue accustomed my tong to speake trifles and vanities, fulfyllyng my fleshely desires and thoughtes: my purposes and inuencions haue bene contrary to thy wyll: whereby I haue offended the eyes of thy maiestie.

Thou haste seene all these thynges (O lorde) and haste holdenne thy peace, and yet they were euill in thy syght, and displeased the.

In thy angre thou hast cast me awaye, and arte dyuyded from me nowe many dayes.

Thou haste gyuen me vp to the

the desires of my hert : to do the thinges, whiche be not semynge.

Woo I am, that I haue gone from the, great is my misery, that I haue led my life in syn. Woo is me, that I haue forsaken the to doo my deuises, not after thy mynd to accomplishe my thoughtes, whiche haue not proceded of thy spirite, but haue heaped vp syn vpon synne.

Myne infamie and reproche is dayely before myne eies: & for shame I dare not shewe my face.

And nowe (O lorde god) why forgettest thou me? why ke-

kepeſte thou awaie ſoo longe thy mercy from me?

Here nowe my cauſe graciouſely although thou haſte ben diſpleſed with me a great whyle: for thou arte mercyfull: be not angrie alwaies I beſeche the.

Caſte not awaye a contrite and a penitent perſon, a wretche and an abiecte, whyche humbly callethe vppon thy name.

Tourne agayne alyttell towarde me (O lorde god) and forgyue me my myſcheuous dedes.

Order me not accordyng to my ſinnes: nor puniſhe me as my

my wyckednesse deserueth.

Shew not forth thy power against a poore wretche: persecute him not so sore, whiche is without all strength.

Tourne not thy face awaye frome my prayers: but according to thy promises, take me again vnto thy fauour.

For I am thine (O ryghtuous father) whome thy onely deere son hath redemed with his precious bloud.

And nowe my soule abhorrethe my olde conuersacion: and of the (whyche art iudge of all men) I aske mercy.

I do submit my selfe vnder thy myghtie hande: for after

thine

thine angre thou ſheweſt mercy, and in the time of tribulacion thou doſt forgiue ſinnes.

I acknowledge that I am a ſynner, beſechyng the, lord god allmyghty, of thy goodneſſe to do with me accordingly to thy great mercy.

I am confounded and aſhamed to lyfte vp mine eyes vnto the, for my ſynnes are aſcended vp vnto thy ſight.

Agaynſte the (O father) againſte the I haue ſinned, and doone euyll before the: thou ſeeſte that myne iniquitie is great.

Truely I haue ben an offender agaynſte the, euen frome my

my cradle, and sens I sucked my mothers brestes, I haue not cessed to do euyl.

Beholde, I was begotten in iniquitie: and my mother brought me into this worlde defiled with sinne.

For the corne of an euil sede is sowedde in my herte, and howe muche wikednesse hath sprong therof vnto this daye, thou knowest (O lord.)

I can not shake of my synnes and offences, but I carye styl with me the infamy of my youth.

Beholde lorde, I am solde vnder synne: and in my flesh I synde not that whiche is good,

good.

For the good that I wolde, that doe I not: but the euyll that I hate, that I do.

All the thoughtes and imaginacions of my hearte haue ben set to do euyll, euer sene I was ronge.

O why do I die in my sinnes lorde god: seyng thy wil is not that a sinner dye, but retourne from his synne and lyue?

For thou art good and mercifull, and accordynge to thy great mercy, sauest them that be vnworthy.

For all be it no man is hable to beare the punysshemente,

whiche thou doeſt threttен a-
gainſt ſynners, yet the mercie
whiche thou haſte promyſed,
is great and vnſercheable.

Thou haſte ſhewed mercy a
thouſande tymes heretofore,
to make thy name glorYouſe,
as it is euen yet ſtyll.

The olde fathers in their
neceſſities cried vnto the, and
thou dyddeſt delyuer theym:
they put theyr truſte in the:
& they were not confounded.

Than they were at theyr
wittes end, and wiſt not what
to doe: this was theyr onely
refuge, to lyfte vp theyr eyes
to the.

Thou diddeſt ſaue them for
thy

thy names ſake, to ſhewe in them thy might and ſtrength.

MAny a tyme theye prouoked the thorough theire iniquities, and ſtirred thy goodneſſe to diſpleaſure.

YEt whan thou ſaweſt their tribulacion, and their lowely ſubmiſſion vnto the,

THou diddeſt remembre thy promyſe, and by and by haddeſt pitie and compaſſion vpon theim, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies.

HAue mercy vppon me (O lorde god omnipotente) haue mercye vpon me: for I am a miſerable & a wretched creature: Make me hoole I beſeche

seche the, whome thou haste stryken for my synne and iniquitie.

My soule is troubled greatly: and how longe (O lorde) wilte thou not loke towardes me?

Howe longe wylte thou reiecte my prayer thus cryinge out vnto the: wilt thou heare me at no tyme? howe longe wilte thou tourne awaye thy face from me?

Where by thy old mercies (O lorde) whome thou haste stablished in thy truthe?

Wylte thou nowe (O lorde god) ceasse to shewe mercie? or wilte thou withdrawe thy

goodneſſe for displeasure?

Hast thou cast me away for euer: that thou wylte neuer herafter be pleased with me?

Thy hand is not weakened, but it may helpe: and thy eares be not stopped, that they refuse to heare.

Howe long shall my mynde be troubled with peynful and heauy thoughtes? how long shal sorowe torment my hert?

How long shall myne ennemye haue the ouerhande of me? loke towardes me (lord god) and here my prayer.

Geue light to my eies, for I haue slept to long in deathe: and my synnes haue preuay-

led againſt me.

TOurne agayne (O lorde) tourne againe, and deliuer my ſowle: and ſaue me for thy gret mercies ſake.

FOo nowe is the accepted tyme: nowe be the dayes of health and grace.

IN death who ſhall remembre the? or in helle who ſhall laude or prayſe the?

THe that lyueth, he that liueth, ſhall praiſe the: and ſhall make thy mercy knowen.

LOrd rebuke me not in thine angre: nor punyſhe me in thy great diſpleaſure.

CAſte not thy dartes at me: nor laye not thy heauy hande

vpon

vppon me.

For I haue borne thine angre a longe whyle, and of the cuppe of thy high displeasure I haue drunke very diepe.

There is no healthe in my flesshe for feare of thy displeasure: I haue no peace nor rest whan I beholde my synnes.

My iniquities be gone ouer my heade: and lyke an heauy burdeyne they dayely presse me downe.

The woundes in my soule do festre and stinke euen thorough myne owne foly.

I am a wretche, caste awaie frome thy fauoure and presence, and go mourning al the

day longe.

My ſoule is full of filthyneſſe, and no parte of me is hole and ſounde.

Therfore my ennemies do perſecute me the more: the greateneſſe of my peyne maketh me to rore and crye.

My hert fainteth and trembleth within me, and my ſtrengthe is gone away.

O lorde, thou knoweſt my deſyre, and thou ſeeſt my neceſſitie.

Forgeue me all my ſynnes (O lorde god almyghtie) for thy owne ſake, and put out of thy ſyght my hernous offences, for accordynge to thy good-

goodneſſe thou haſt promiſed forgiuenes of ſinnes to theim that do penaunce.

HAue mercy on me lorde for the glorie and honour of thy name, and be no longer diſpleaſed with me, and than thou ſhalte ſurely be knowen to be iuſte and true in thy wordes, and ſhalt ouercome whā thou art iudged.

FOr by this thy great grace ſhalbe knowen: that thou takeſt mercy on theim, whiche haue not whereof they maie glory in thy ſight.

AND all the dwellers on the earthe ſhall learne and knowe thy goodnes, whan thou ſhalt

conferre and geue thy benefi-
tes to vs for thy great names
ſake, and not after oure euyll
wayes and wicked dedes.

Verily lorde god, excepte
thou ſhewe vnto vs thy ma-
nyfolde mercyes, the worlde
ſhall not haue lyfe, nor they
that dwel therin.

And if thou healpe vs not
with thy goodneſſe, how may
they, which haue offended, be
reiſed vp from theyr ſynnes?

Haue mercy on me (O good
father) haue mercy on me, and
for thy glorious name, bee no
longer angry with me.

Make me ſynner vnto thy
mercye for the name of thy
holy

holy sonne Jesu, whom thou haste sente to be the obteyner of mercy for our sinnes thorough faith in his bloud.

Beholde holy father, behold thy chylde, whome thou hast chosen: beholde thy welbeloued sonne, in whom thy soule deliteth: vppon whome thou haste put thy holy spirite, and sent him to preach the gospell to the poore, to heale theym, whiche for their sinnes be sorowfull and contrite, to comforte theym that mourne, to preache pardon to the prisoners, and syght to the blynde.

Behold thy littell one, whiche was borne for vs: Beholde

holde thy ſonne, whiche is geuen to vs , whome thou haſte not ſpared, but geuen to deathe for vs all, to be a ſwete offeryng e, and a ſacrifice to the.

Verily he toke vpon him in his body our infirmities, and he bare our peines.

He was made weake for oure ſynnes: and he was wounded for our offences.

The correction for our peace was layde vpon hym, and by the ſtrokes that he ſuffered, our woundes were healed.

All we wente a ſtraye like ſheepe, euerie one folowed his owne waye, and thou (O

lorde)

lorde) putteſt on him our iniquities, ſtrikinge him for the offences of thy people.

He gaue his body to be beaten, and his chekes to be ſtriken, he tourned not away his face from theym that ſcorned hym, and ſpyt vpon him.

Through his loue and mercy, he hath redeemed theym that were loſte, and by his bloud ſhed on the Croſſe, he hath pacyfied all thynges in heauen and earthe.

He gaue him ſelfe to death, & made his prayers for them whiche were offenders.

Loke (O mercifull father) and conſyder who it is, that thus

thus dyd ſuffre: and remembre (I beſeche the) for whom he hath ſuffred.

For this is that innocente, whom thou gaueſt to deathe for vs: euen thanne whan we were ſynners: and ſhal we not beynge nowe iuſtified by his bloud, muche rather be ſaued from wrathe thorough hym?

If we (whan we were yet enemies) were reconciled to the, by the deth of thy ſonne, ſhal we not beinge reconciled, muche rather be ſaued by his life?

Beholde that pure and immaculate lambe, whyche taketh awaye the ſynnes of the

world

worlde, by whose precious bloudde we ar redemed from our iniquities.

Loke vpon that most meke innocent, whiche like a lambe was led to his deathe: and beyng moste cruelly entreated, ones opened not his mouthe.

Beholde thine onely sonne, whom althoughe thou begattest of thy almyghtie power, substance and nature: yet thou woldest he shuld be partaker of my infirmitie:

Which being god in nature thought it no rauine to bee equall with god, but made hym selfe lowe: takyng vpon hym the shape of a seruaunte, and com=

commyng in the ſimilitude of ſynfull fleſſhe, condempned ſinne in the fleſhe, ſubmittyng him ſelfe vnto the (O father) euē to the deth of the croſſe, and there put oute the hand=writyng that was agaynſt vs, conteyned in the lawe wryt=ten, and takyng it oute of the waie, faſtned it to his croſſe, on the whiche he ſpoyled po=teſtates & powers, and made a ſhewe of theym openly, and triumphed ouer theim in his owne perſone.

Turne the eyes of thy ma=ieſtie (O lorde god) and loke vpon the worke of thy ineffa=ble goodneſſe.

Beholde thine owne swete sonne, howe all his body was drawen and stretched fourthe on the crosse.

Loke vpon al the partes of his body, from the crowne of the head vnto the sole of the fote, and no pein shalbe found lyke vnto his peine.

Beholde (O louyng father) the blessed head of thy deere sonne, crowned with sharpe thornes, & the bloud runnyng downe vpon his godly visage.

Beholde his tender bodie, howe it is scourged: his naked brest is striken and beatē: his blouddye syde is thrasted through: his hert panteth: his

sinewes be stretched fourthe: his godly eyes dasel and lose theyr sight: his princely face is wanne and pale, his plesant tongue is inflamed for peyne: his inwarde partes waxe drye and starke: his armes bothe blewe and wanne be stiffe: his bones be plucked one from an other: his beautifull legges bee feble and weake: and the stremes of bloud issuynge out of his bodye, runne downe a pace vpon his fete.

Loke (O my maker) vpon the humanitie and gentilnesse of thy deere sonne: and pitie the infyrmitie of thy weake handy worke.

Beholde (o glorious father) the bodye of thy deere sonne, all to rente and torne: and remembre I beseech the, of how small substance I am.

Loke vpon the pein of him that is both god and man: and release the miserie of manne, whom thou hast made.

Behold the greuous suffesryng of the redemer, and forgeue the synne of hym that is redemed.

Kepe me from al euil waies: and teach me by thy holy spirite to chose the way of truth.

I beseche the (o thou kyng of holyneſſe) by him that is mooſt holie, by this my rede-

mer Chriſte, that thou bryng me agayn into the ryght way. that I may be vnited & made one with hym in ſpirite, whyche abhorred not to be vnited with me in fleſhe.

MAke me to go perfectely in thy pathes, and to hate all wycked wayes.

WAſhe my herte from malyce, and cleanſe me frome my ſecrete ſynnes.

CLenſe me (O holy father) with the bloude of the newe teſtamente of thy welbeloued ſonne: whyche hathe loued vs, and waſhed vs with his bloude from oure ſynnes, and hath redeemed vs from all iniqui=

iniquitie.

Purifie my hert by the sanctificacion of thy spirytte, and the sprynkelyng of the bloude of thy sonne, from all fylthynesse of synne, and euyll conscience.

O god almightie, be mercifulle vnto me synner, for thy glorious names sake, and remembre my synnes no longer.

For thou art god graciouse and mercifull, and pacientely doest suffre vs: and wouldeste that no man shuld perysh, but that all men shulde returne to penance.

Make me (O lorde god) to returne from my euyll wayes

and wicked thoughtes.

Remēbre not the ſinnes and abhominacions of my youth: accordyng to thy mercye, be myndfull of me for thy goodneſſe ſake (O lorde.)

Loke not vppon me with a greeuous countenaunce: for there is no mā that dare ſpeke for me.

Entre not into iudgemente with thy ſeruante, for if thou accuſe me, I ſhall neuer bee quitte.

For if thou (O lord) marke my ſynnes and iniquitie: who ſhall not fall before the?

This is certayne and ſure, that than in thy ſyght no man liuing

liuyng shal be iustified: seyng thou haste founde iniquitie euen in thy angels.

Howe muche rather in man, whiche is abhominacion and filthinesse, and dwelleth in the earthly house of this bodye, and drinckethe iniquitie as it were water?

Who is clene from fylthynesse, whan all be corrupted? truely not one: no though he haue liued but one day on the earth: and though his monethes may be easily noumbred.

Of a truthe there is no mortal man, which hath not done wyckedly: nor there is anye rightwyse on earthe, whyche

dothe good, and synneth not.

Yet becauſe mercy is in thy hand (O lord) although thou be dredful, my hope is in the, in whom my ſoule truſteth.

My ſoule loketh for the, becauſe mercy and plentifull redemption is with the.

For this I knowe aſſuredly, that thou wylt not caſte me awaie for euer: but althoughe thou caſte me away for my ſinnes a whyle, yet thou wylte haue mercy vpon me agayne, accordynge to the multytude of thy mercies.

For thou (O lord) art ful of pitie and mercie, and wilt not turne thy face away from vs,

if

yf we wyll returne to the.

Thou arte oure god, full of ſweteneſſe, veritie, and paci= ence, and diſpoſeſt all thynges by mercy.

The fountaines of thy good neſſe be euer full and flowe o= uer: thy grace neuer decaieth.

All thy waies be mercy and truthe, to them that ſeke oute thy couenãt and teſtimonies.

Howe gentle and louing the father is to his chyldren, ſoo gentle and louynge arte thou (O lorde) to theim that feare the, and for the haboundance of thy mercy thou doeſt par= done our infirmities.

Thou knoweſt thine owne

handy woorke: thou remembrest what we are: thou seeste that we are flesshe, and of no strength.

Thou haste not forgotten, that this worlde is full of vnrightuousnesse and wickednesse, and that it is wholly set and bent on euill.

Yet neuertheleſſe thou arte merciful, and ful of grace, and lyke a mercifull lorde forbearest to punisshe synners, whan they repente theim selfe, and returne from their sinnes.

Haue mercie vppon me (O lord god my sauioure) for the glorie of thy name: and delyuer me, and forgyue me my

sin

synnes for thy names sake.

O rightwise father, loke not straytely vpon the multytude of my synnes: but loke on the face of Jesu thy holy sonne: whiche being withoute sinne, bare oure synnes in his bodie on the tree of the crosse.

Turne away thy face from my synnes: and put out al my iniquities.

Make a cleane hearte in me (O god) and renue me with a right spirite.

Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirite from me.

Geue me again the comfort of thy helpe: and stablyshe me with

with thy myghty spirite.

Mollify my herte (O lorde god) that I may retourne to thy pathes: for I haue wandred ouerlong in the waye of errour.

Turne me to the, and I shall be tourned: for thou arte my maker, and I am the clay and worke of thy handes.

Tourne not thy face awaye from me, nor go not from thy seruaunte in thyne angre.

Be my healper, and forsake me not: dispyse me not (O lorde) which art my god, and my health. Amen.

The

The seconde spalme,

For remission of synnes.

O MOSTE myghtye god of aungels and of men: whose iudgementes be vnsercheable: and whose wisedome is profounde and depe. Here the prayers of thy seruant: and caste not awaye the humble suites of thy poore creature and handy worke. For as longe as I shall liue, I will speake vnto the: and I wil not hold my peace so long as the breath is in my body. I doe tourne my soule vnto the, and I set mine eyes directly

ctely vpon the.

Let thine angre be turned away from me, I beseche the, and graunt, that I maie finde grace and fauour in thy sight. According to the greatnesse of thy mercie, forgiue me all my sinnes.

Plucke me away from mine heynous offences: and heale my soule, whiche hath offended the, make me free frome the gilte of my transgression: for I acknowlage my iniquitie, and am sory for my sinnes.

I haue forsaken thy waye, and I knowyng thy commandementes, haue done all thinges contrary to them.

I haue broken the couenant that I made with the: and haue dispised to kepe thy law. Uerily I haue synned agaynst the (O lorde god) and the blemysh of my sin abideth still with me euen vnto this daye. I haue forsaken the (O god my maker) and gonne awaye frō the my sauyour: and haue rebelled againste the, lyke the oxe that winceth and stryueth whan he shuld be yoked. I haue hardned my hert agaynst the: and I haue lyfted vp my necke proudely after my sinne. I haue trusted in lyes, and throughe deceite wolde not know

knowlage the: but I haue fo=
lowed the leudnes of my hert
My pryde and arrogancye
haue begyled me: and the fo=
lyshe boldenesse of my herte
hath broughte me into deso=
late wayes.

Myne owne counsaylee and
aduyses haue wroughte me
these thinges: suche is the
malice and rebellion that pos=
sesseth the hertes of men.

My soule is put from qui=
etnesse and rest, and I can not
thinke of any good thyng.

The yoke of my synnes is
waxed very heauy: it is lifted
vp & fastned aboute my necke.

Thou hast spoken to me, but

I woulde

I wolde not heare: thou haſt called me, but I wold not anſwere, I beleued not thy wordes, nor woulde abyde thy counſayle.

I regarded not thy holye woorde: and I gaue not my mynde to thy ſarenges.

Thou haſte ſtriken me, but I wolde not knowe the cauſe therof: thou haſte corrected me, but I wolde not take thy diſcipline.

I did not cõſider in my hert, that thou wouldeſt not forget my ſynne and malyce.

With my mouth and my lippes I glorifyed the: but my hert was farre from the.

I hidde my ſynne as Adam did: to the intent to haue mine iniquitie vnknowen.

I aſked not counſayl of thy mouthe: and I would not folowe thy lawe.

I haue ſynned before thyne eyes: and therfore my ſoule is made vnſtable.

I forſoke the, whiche arte the fountayne of continuall ſpringing waters: to thintent to dygge to my ſelfe muddie pittes, which haue no water.

In al theſe thinges I am not retourned to the: nor I haue not prayed vnto the, that I might leue my wicked wayes.

Be lorde, and behold howe vile

vile I am made: all the beautie of my soule is peryshed & gone, in so muche that nowe I dare not in any wise behold and loke vpon the.

And there was no cause why I shuld forsake the, and vainly folowe vayne thynges.

Lord haue mercy vppon me and here my prayers: for thou arte my god, and there is no sauiour besydes the.

Tourne away from me thy heauy displeasure: and distroy me not for the synnes of my youthe.

I humbly beseeche the (O lord) forgeue me, forgeue me for thy excedyng mercie.

O lord god of hostes, if thou be determined to saue, who can let or resyst? if thou stretche out thy hande, who shall turne the away?

Thou mayest doo to me as the potter doth to his potte: for (behold) I am in thy hãd, as the clay is in his.

Amend me (O lorde) but in mercy, not in thine angre: lest thou vtterlye consume me: make me to vnderstande and know, how hurtful and deadly a thyng it is, to forsake the, my lord god, and to cast away from me the feare of the.

There is no manne that can hele me nor cure my plage: no man

man can delyuer me, but thou (O lorde) whiche woundeste and makeste hole: whiche strikest and healest agayne.

My distruction cometh of my selfe: my healpe and saluacion standeth onely in the.

For none is lyke vnto the, thou arte myghtie: and great is the name of thy strength.

Turne me to the (O lorde) and I shall be turned: take away from me this sinful hert, that thy lawe may bring furth fruite in me.

Remembre me lorde for thy goodnesse sake: and for the greate loue that thou bearest towardes me.

O lorde god (beholde) thou haste made bothe heauen and earth by thy great might: and nothynge is harde to the.

Thou art that puissaunt and myghtye, whose name is the lord of hostes. great and merualious in thy counsayle.

As sone as thou hast spoken the word, all thinges be doen: as sone as thou hast commanded, thinges be: and thy word retourneth not to the voyde, and withoute effect.

Thou (O lord god) hewest mercie vnto all: for thou canst doe all: and thou makeste as thoughe thou sawest not the synnes of men, because theye

ſhould do penance, and amend their lyues.

For thou loueſt all thynges that be: and hateſte nothynge that thou haſte made: for nothyng thou madeſt or haſt ordeined of any hatred.

Thou ſpareſt and tendreſt al men: for all thinges be thine, & thou loueſt the ſoules of men.

Thou doeſt miniſter mercy, equitie & iuſtice in the earthe: and therfore in theſe vertues thou greatly deliteſt.

Truely (O lord) thou arte rightuous and gracious, not withſtandyng I haue offēded the, tranſegreſſyng thy couenant, & treſpaſſing againſt the,

O lord, thou hast sene all my abhominacions : looke on my cause, and consider howe vile and wretched I am : see and behold my great confusion.

In the time of reconsiliacion here me, and in the day of salvacion haue mercy on me,

Be mercifull vnto me, and haue mercye on me, whyche haue none other healpe but the : whose wyll nothyng can resist whan so euer thou doest purpose to saue.

Here me, whiche am a wretche making supplicacion vnto the : make me to truste in thy name: and delyuer me by thy power.

Haue regard to me from heuen (O lorde) and loke downe from thy holy habitacion: and from the throne of thy glory.

Destroye me not because of my iniquitie: but remembre the sorowe and peyne that I suffre.

Be not styll angrye with me (O lorde) forgette all my sinnes, and remembre theym no longer.

Let my prayer ascende vp vnto the: saye vnto my soule, Beholde, I am come to the, thy healthe and thy saluacion.

AMEN.

The thyrde ſpalme,

For remiſſion of ſinnes

O GOD eternall, iuſt and holye: whiche kepeſte couenaunte and mercie with them that loue the, and kepe thy commandementes.

Loke at me and haue mercy vppon me: for I haue treſpaſſed agaynſt the, and doen euill in thy ſyght.

Shewe forth vppon me the tender affections of thy mercy, that thy ſeruant may haue an herte to pray vnto the.

I humbly make my prayer before thy face: not truſtynge in myne owne rightwiſeneſſe, but

but in thy great mercies.

For I am vnclene and filthy, and all my ryghtuouſeneſſe is like a foule blouddy cloute.

Unto the (O lord) be iuſtice, mercie, and pitie: but vnto me bee confuſion and ſhame for my iniquities.

Certainly euen from my begynning I haue vſed my ſelfe proudely agaynſte the, doyng wickedly, and ceaſſyng not.

O lorde, thou haſt redemed me, and yet I haue not ceſſed to offende the, & my hert hath not ben ſtreyght in thy ſyght.

Thou haſte taught & inſtructed me, and ſtabliſhed my power: and I haue been euylle affected

affected towardes the, beyng lyke vnto a deceitfull bowe.

My pride and presumpcion accuse me to my face: I am ouerthrowen in mine own wickednes: I dooe seeke the (O lorde) I beseche the, that I may fynde the: thou art separated frome me, for I haue gredily folowed fylthynes. Yet wil I accuse mine owne synfull waues before the (O lord) vntyll thou haue mercie vpon me: and receyue me agayne into thy fauour.

God forbid that euer I shuld departe from the agayne, and not dilygentely seeke for thy promyses.

I wil neuer hold my peace, nor keepe silence: vntill thou haue establyshed that couenaunte with me, whiche thou hast made and ordeined in tymes past:

That is to saye, lyke as the iustice of a iuste man shall not deliuer or saue him what time so euer he shall offend: So the wickednesse of a wicked man shal not hurte him, what time so euer he shall returne from his wickednesse.

In hope of this (O lorde god) I will tary thy pleasure: for thou arte good to theym that truste in the, and to the soule that seketh the.

Thou

Thou kepest thy truthe for euermore: & the word whiche issueth forthe of thy mouthe, shall not be voide and of none effecte.

Distroy me not (good lord) for my synnes: nor reserue not eternall punishement for me.

Open thine eies, and behold the gretnes of my peyne and affliction: for my iniquitie is great in thy syght: and my sinnes haue broughte me in to this trouble.

Distroy me not vtterly, nor leaue me in my synnes: for thou arte god of mercie and very gracious.

Execute not the punysshe-

ment vppon me, whiche thou haddeſt purpoſed: dooe to me accordynge to thy name: although my defaultes and ſynnes be many.

O lorde, thou arte my god: and thy name hath been putte vppon me: Leaue me not in the depeneſſe of my troubles.

Thou haſt chaſtyſed and reformed many, and haſt ſtrengthed the werie handes, thy woordes haue ſet vp him that ſtagered: and thou haſt made ſtreight the croked knees.

Wherfore I will ſeeke the (O lorde god) whiche haſte wroughte great thynges vnſercheable and innumerable:

Thou

Thou haste take vp the poꝛe out of the duſt: & haſt exalted them, whiche were abiectes.

For thou doeſt delyuer the poore in his miſery out of the ſtraite and bottomleſſe pyt of tribulacion, & out of the wide mouthe of anguiſhe & affliction into reſte and quieteneſſe.

Thou art gracious and mercifull, for that thou ſheweſte mercy to them, whiche be not yet come into the worlde: and thou art very merciful to thē, which diligently obſerue and kepe thy lawes, and thou doſt pacientlyſuffre ſynners: gyuyng theym tyme and place, wherby they may be changed from

from their malice.

Here me a poore wretche making supplicacion vnto the: for in the and in thy name, I haue put my trust and affiance.

Make me thy seruaunte vnto the, and make me good, and leat me not be disappointed of that that I loke for:

Come againe (O lord god) and saue my soule: distroy me not, whome thou haste redemed by thy great myghte and power.

Loke not vpon the hardnes of my herte, nor vpon my sinnes: but lyke as thou haste many tymes shewed mercye: so nowe be mercifull and for-

 gyue

geue me.

Here me (O lorde) & be pacified: regard my prayer, & do accordyng to thy great name.

O lord, I loke to haue helpe and saluacion frome the: and this is my dayely meditation, and exercise.

For thy mercies be greate: thy goodnesse is inestimable.

Here me nowe fauourably: and withhold thy mercyes no longer from me.

In the way of thy iugemētis I will loke after the: my soule desireth to magnifi thy name: and to haue the in memory.

Incline my herte to doe thy comandementes: & directe my waies

wayes euermore in thy syght.
Let me neuer hereafter go awaye from thy wayes: nor leaue me not nowe in the depe nesse of my troubles.
Turne not thine eies awaye from me: but teache me (O lorde) to doo those thynges, which ar pleasant in thy sight.
Make a perpetual leage and couenant with me, that thou wylte putte thy feare into my herte: that I neuer swarue from the in all my lyfe.
Withdrawe not thy goodnesse frō me for euer, but kepe thy promise and fidelitie.
Shewe good vnto me with beneuolence and fauoure: for

thou art merciful, and thy displesure cõtinuith not for euer.

Remembre me with fauour and kyndenesse: and visite me with thy saluacion.

I knowe (O lord god) that thou arte gracious and mercyfull, paciente, and of greate mercifulnesse.

Thou art good and mercyfull, thou kepest couenant and mercye with thy seruauntes, whyche walke before the in theyr hole hert.

There is none other god but thou, whyche regardeste and carest for all.

For thou hast ben euer very mercifull to me: delyuerynge my

my soule from the diepe hell.

Set thy goodnesse (O lord) bee euer with me, for all my welth resteth onely in the.

In the time of tribulacion I cal vpon the (O lord) for thou art nygh vnto theym whyche call vpon thy holy name.

Succour me (O god) and loke merily vppon me: shewe me the lyghte of thy countenance: in the my soule trusteth and my hert reioyseth.

Sette my prayer come vnto thy throne: bow downe thine eare vnto my crie.

Here me nowe beinge penitent (O lord) whom thou hast hitherto pacientely suffred: to

the intent I ſhuld repent and amende my life.

O god, I haue opened vnto the my lyfe: ſaue me for thy names ſake, for my truſte is in the.

What care I for worldely thynges? This one thynge onely I nede and deſire, that I may finde grace and fauour in thy ſight.

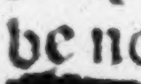
Wherfore I beſeeche the, (O lorde god) take awaye frome me this peyne and ſorowe, or at leaſte wyſe mittigate and aſſwage it, other by comforte or by counſayle, or by what meanes ſo euer it ſhal be ſeene good to the.

The fourth ſpalme, is a complaint of a penitēt ſinner which is ſore troubed and ouercome with ſinnes.

O Lorde God, mercyfull & pacient: and of much marcifulneſſe & truthe. Which for thy aboundaunte charitie, and according to thy gret mercy, haſt taken vs out from the power of darkneſſe: and haſt ſaued vs by the fountayn of regeneracion and new birth, & the renewinge of the holy goſte: whom thou haſte ſhed vpon vs aboundantly by Jeſu Chriſt our ſauiour.

If I haue found grace and

fauour in thy sighte: suffer me to speake a worde vnto the: & be not displeased with me.

 hy dooeste thou euer forget me: and leauest me in the myddes of my troubles and euyls?

here is become thy zeale and thy strengthe? where is the multitude of thy tender affections? and of thy mercies?

lord, may not he, whiche is fallen, ryse vp agayne? or may not he, whiche hath gone awaye from the, retourne to the againe?

hall my sorowe euer endure? shall my wound be vncura-

curable and neuer healed.

HOwe cometh it to passe, that I styll tourne away from the: my sinne daily increaseth, and of my selfe I can not re= tourne.

Inasmuche as it is not geuen to man to direct his owne wayes: nether to make perfect his owne procedinges.

For in thy hand is the life of euery lyuyng thyng: and the spirite also of euery man.

Thou shewest thy mercy to whom thou wilt: and thou art gracious to them, whom thou fauourest.

Thou doest kyll, and thou dooest quicken: thou leadeste

downe to hell gate, and bryn=
geſt vp againe.

Thy eies behold the waies of euery man: and thou ſear=
cheſt the hertes of men.

There is no place ſo ſecrete or darke, wherin ſynnes maie hide them ſelues from the.

For any man maie ſo lurke and hyde hym ſelue in caues, but thou ſhalt ſe hym, whych doeſt fulfyl bothe heauen and earthe in euery parte.

Why haſte thou caſte me a=
way frō thy preſence? and ta=
keſt me for thy enemie?

Why haſte thou laide vpon my heade the heauie weyght of my ſynnes, ſeyng no man is

able

able to beare thy displeasure?
What meaneth it, that thou shewest thy power agaynste a wretche? why distroyeste me for the synnes of my youthe?
If I haue synned, what shall I do to the? and if my synnes be increased, what shall I do?
If I do iustly, what shall I geue to the? or what shalte thou receyue at my hande?
My wikednesse shal hurt my selfe: and my righteousenesse shall profite me.
The lyfe of man is a temptacion vpon the earth: and if I haue synned (as all men haue) what may I do?
Shall any manne be founde cleane

cleane and without ſynne be=
fore the? or ſhall any man bee
without default in his dedes?

HOwe may a mortall man be
pure from ſinne in thy ſyght?
or howe maye he, whyche is
borne of a womanne, be ryghtuous?

REmembre (O lorde) I beſeche the, that thou haſt made me of the erth: and that thou ſhalt bring me againe into the duſt of death.

MY daies paſſe and vaniſhe away lyke ſmoke, they waſte dayly, there is no taryng.

MY lyfe flyeth away as the wynde: and conſydereth not that whiche is good.

I was but lately borne into this world, & shortly I shalbe taken away hence by death, I neuer cõtinue stil in one state.

The dayes of my lyfe bee fewe, and shorte: thou haste appointed an ende, whiche I shall not passe.

Naked and bare I came out of my mothers wombe: and naked and bare I shal returne agayne: truely all men liuyng are vanitie.

Haue pitie (O lord) on them that are in misery: and dispise not the workes of thy hãdes.

Thoughe we sinne, yet are we vnder the: for we knowe thy power and strengthe: and

if we

cleane and without ſynne be=
fore the? or ſhall any man bee
without default in his dedes?
How may a mortall man be
pure from ſinne in thy ſyght?
or howe mare he, whyche is
borne of a womanne, be ryght=
tuous?

Remembre (O lorde) I be=
ſeche the, that thou haſt made
me of the erth: and that thou
ſhalt bring me againe into the
duſt of death.

My daies paſſe and vaniſhe
away lyke ſmoke, they waſte
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Haue pitie (O lord) on them that are in misery: and dispise not the workes of thy hãdes.

Thoughe we sinne, yet are we vnder the: for we knowe thy power and strengthe: and

if we

yf we ſynne not, than are we ſure that thou regardeſt vs.

Ceaſſe thy indignacion (O Lord) and turne it frome me: and caſt all my ſynnes behinde thy backe.

Take away thy plages from me: for thy punyſhment hath made me both feble and faint.

For whan thou chaſtiſeſt a man for his ſynnes, thou cauſeſt him by and by to conſume and pine away.

What ſo euer is delectable in hym, peryſheth: lyke vnto the clothe that is eaten with moughtes.

Wold god I had one to defende me a whyle, vntyll thy angre

angre were tourned away: or that thou woldeste sette me a tyme, in the which thou woldest remembre me.

I am cleane cast away frome thy presence: shall I neuer hereafter se thy face agayne?

Behold, I haue opened the griefes of my soule: the daies of my sorowes haue taken me.

The flouddes of tribulacion compasse me round about: and the stremes of thy fury runne ouer me.

And I cry vnto the (O lord god) but thou heareste me not: I aske mercy: but thou reiectest my prayers.

Why thrastest thou downe

a poore wretche from thy pre-
sence? or why forsakest me so
longe time?

Why takeste not away my
iniquitie? and why putteste
thou not away the wikednesse
of my herte?

Arise and tary no longer (O
lord) arise, and reiecte me not
for euer.

Haue me in remembrance I
beseche the: for I thoroughly
tremble and shake for fere.

Yet I wil not hold my tung
but crye styll vnto the with a
mournyng and an heauy hert.

Turne away the stroke of thy
vengeance from me, bring my
mid out of troubles into rest.

I am

I am here no longer continuer, but a pylgryme and a straunger as all other mortall men be.

And what is man, that thou shouldest be angry with hym: or what is mankynde, that thou shouldeste bee so heauy lorde vnto vs?

What, wilte thou bryng sorowe vpon sorow? I pant for peyne and finde no rest.

My sorowe greueth me whan I shuld eate, & sodaine sighes ouerwhelme my hert.

I am as yf my bones were all to broken, whan I here myne enemyes raile vpon me, and saye to me daye by daye,

where is thy god?

Why turnest thou thy face away from these thynges (O lorde) why haste thou no regarde of my trouble?

Earnestly make my praiers dayly in thy syghte: and the heauynesse of my herte I doe shewe vnto the.

My spirite is carefull and troubled within me: and desperacion hathe entred into my hert.

Is it thy pleasure (O lorde god) to cast away thine owne handy worke?

Delyuer my soule from corrupcion, and my lyfe frō euerlastyng darkenesse.

What

What auayleth it me, that euer I was borne, if thou caste me streyght into damnacion? seyng that the deade shall not prayse the, nor any of theym whiche goe downe to hel.

I haue synned, what shall I do to the? why hast thou put me to be contrary to the? I am wery of mine owne selfe.

Why searchest thou out my synnes so narowly? whan there is no man that can take out of thy hande.

If I wold saie, that I were rightuous and without synne: than thou mightest worthily condemne me to the fyre prepared for the deuill and his

angels.

But I confesse, that I am a synner, and I doo humble my herte in thy syght.

Surely if any man woulde stande with the in iudgement, he shal not be able to answere one worde to a thousand thinges, wherwith thou mightest charge hym.

This maketh me to feare al my dedes: knowyng that thou sparest not him that offēdeth.

If I loke vpon thy power, O howe mightie and stronge thou art? if I shal call for iudgement, who shall defend my matier, or speake for me?

To the (O lord) I call and cry

crye: to the my god, I make mine humble suite.

Tourne away thine angre frõ me: that I may know that thou art more mercifull vnto me than my sinnes deserue.

What is my strength that I may endure: or what is thend of my trouble, that my soule may paciently abide it?

My strengthe is not a stony strength: and my flesshe is not made of brasse.

There is no helpe in my self, and my strengthe fleeth away from me.

Although thou hyde these thynges in thy hearte: yet I knowe that thou wilt remem-

bre me at length.

For thou arte true and iuſte (O lorde god) thou doeſt not condemne vniuſtely: whyche rewardeſt man accordynge to his deſertes.

All this is come vnto me, becauſe I haue forgotten the: and not vſed my ſelfe truelye in thy teſtament.

My hert hath turned backwarde: and I haue folowed the deſires of my fleſhe.

And thou haſt ſurely knowē this thing: which knoweſt the ſecretes of the hearte.

Lay not againſt me (O lord) the ſynnes of my youth: nor haue in remembraunce myne olde

old iniuries done against the.

Dayely sorowe ouercometh me: and sadnes possesseth my herte.

I loke after peace, but I can not haue it: I looke for a tyme of health, but my griefe continueth still.

Whan the tyme of thine angre is paste, leat mercy come, yet am I vnhappy more and more.

Wo and alas that euer I synned: my hearte therefore mournethe, and is sadde, all myrthe and ioye be banisshed from me.

Howe am I wasted? howe miserably am I confounded?

becauſe I haue forſaken and caſte awaye thy lawe.

Deathe hath aſcended vp by the wyndowes: perſynge the inward partis of my hert.

When I daryr, one whyle muſe ſecretely with my ſelfe, an other whyle with lowde voice cry out and complaine: the meane tyme my lyfe drawe-eth nere to the pitte.

Who ſhall geue me a place to reſte in from all my grefes and troubles? and I wyll forſake all men, and gette awaye from them.

Who ſhall geue me water to my heade, and a fountaine of teares to myne eyes? that

I maye bewayle my synnes both nyght and day.

And I wyll looke for hym whiche may saue me: and deliuer me from the wrathe to come.

I haue no truste neither in lyfe nor dearthe: but I feare thy iudgement (O lorde) and the peynes prepared for wicked synners.

The feare of my synne maketh me carefull, and the burdeyne of my conscyence oppresseth me sore.

O god, whiche tenderly louest mankynde, and arte most rightfull iudge: spare me now I beseche the, and shewe me

ſome fauoure while time is.

Forgeue that which I fere: putte awaye that whiche I dredc: before I departe hens, and ſhall not retourne againe.

My ſynnes do vexe & trouble me ſore: they be ſo greate that none can be greatter.

Alaſſe my falle, alaſſe my miſery, alaſſe the gryefe of my plage and ſtroke: ceartaynely my ſynne is the cauſe of all this, and ſo I wyl take it and ſuffre it.

¶ The fyfth ſpalme,
For the obteinyng of godly wyſedome.

O Lorde god of mercye, whiche by thy woorde haſte made all thinges: and by thy wiſdome haſt created man.

O god eternall, to whom all thynges be knowen, be theye neuer ſo ſecrete: which knoweſte all thynges before they be done,

O pen my lyppes, and my mouth, that I may ſpeke and ſhewe fourthe the glorye and praiſe of thy name.

G eue me a newe herte, and aright

a right spirite: and take from me all wicked and synfull desires.

O lorde, I am foolishe, ignorant, and blind, whan I am destitute of thy knowlage.

I am ignorant and without intelligence, my dulnesse is so greate: that my eyes can not see, nor my hert perceiue.

Yea I am a very babe and a child, and knowe ful litle mine owne life and conuersacion.

My lyppes bee defyled and vncleane, my tyme is shorte, and I am not able to vnderstande thy lawe.

Geue thy seruant, I beseche the, an hert apte to take learnyng

ning: that I may knowe what thynge is acceptable in thy ſight at all times.

Sende downe from heauen the ſpirite of thy wyſedome, and repleniſhe my herte with knowlage therof.

Thy wiſedome geueth true knowlage: and oute of thy mouth procedeth both counſaile and intelligence.

Thy wiſedome openeth the mouth of the dumme: and maketh the tongue of infantes eloquent.

If any ſeeme to be perfecte emong men: yet if thy wyſedome forſake hym, he ſhal be reckened nothyng worth.

Thy

Thy wisedome is to men a treasure that faileth not: whiche who so vse, they are ioyned to god in loue and amitie.

How well it is with that man, whiche is wittie in this behalf: and hath his soule endued with thy wisedome.

What man in all the worlde knowethe thy counsayle? or who can compasse in his mind what thy will is?

Who can comprehende thy purpose and minde? excepte thou geue him wisedome, and instructe hym with thy holye spirite,

For mennes reasons do faile in many thynges: and theyr fore-

forecastes and inuencions be vncertaine and vnsure.

For the mortall and corrup-tible body muche greueth the soule, and the earthely house of the body holdethe downe the minde, musing vpon many thynges.

Counsayle and good succesſe comethe from aboue: where also wysedome is and vertue.

With the (O lord) is riches glory & righteousenesse, which be treasures incorruptible.

He that hath found out the: hath founde life: and he that loueth not the, loueth death.

O lorde god, touche my mouth, that my iniquitie may be

be driuen away: dwell thou in my herte, that my synnes may be purged.

Wisedome doeth not enter into a malycious soule: nor wyll abyde in a bodie, whiche is subiecte to synne.

Teache me (o lord god) lest my ignorãce increase, and my synnes ware mo and mo.

Let thy spirite teach me the thinges that be pleasante vnto the, that I may be led into the streight ware out of erroure, wherin I haue wandred ouer long.

Let thy wisedome be stablished in my spyrite: and write thy lawe in my hert.

Thy

Thy wisedom is to me more precious then all riches: and I desyre more to haue it then all other thynges, be they neuer so faire and goodly.

O lord, thou knowest, how sore I am enflamed with the loue of thy wisdom, whiche is my onely study & meditacion.

O howe pleasante and swete thy wordes be to my herte: truely muche more then hony is to my mouth.

Thy worde is a bright candell to my feete, and a light to my waies.

Thy wisedome pleaseth me more then thousandes of gold or of syluer can do.

I haue more plesure and delectacion in the waye of thy wysedome: then in great aboundaunce of treasure.

Wold god my waies may be so ordered, that I may lerne thy wisedome, & thy wordes.

Thy word geueth heate and inflameth: wherfore I greatly desire it.

O happy is he (lord) whom thou instructest: and makest learned in thy lawe.

His soule shall alway studye wysedome: And his tongue shall speake iudgement.

The lawe of god shall bee written in his herte: and he shall nat bee ouerthrowen as he

he goeth.

O lord, whiche arte my god & my sauiour, here my praier, and my tonge shall euer speke and set out thy mercies.

Geue me wisedome, whiche is assistant to thy throne: that I may discerne betwene good and euill, and may knowe thy holy mysteries.

Open mine eies, that I may perceiue and behold the wonderfull thinges, whiche be in thy lawe.

Remembre thy worde nowe I call vppon the: for I haue put my hope in it, make me to knowe the waye of thy wysedome: and hide not thy knowledge

ledge from me.

Ordre me accordyng to thy mercie, and disapoint me not of that I loke for.

Teache me right wisedome and intelligence: for thy wisedome is all that I desire.

Put thy word in my mouth: and fasten thy wisedome in my herte.

Let thy wisedome rule and guyde my thoughtes: that they may alwayes please the.

Thy wordes be wonderfull and merueilous: wherfore my soule deliteth in them.

Thy wysedome is perfecte: and thy knoweledge is clere, and gineth lyght to the eyes:

It

It is more amiable then golde and precious stones, it is farre swetter then the hony combe.

Thy wisedome is pure and vndefiled, and maketh soules strong, thy wordes be certain and true, and geue vnderstanding vnto the simple.

Than shal he that erreth in his spirite, haue knowledge? and whan shal he that is ignorant haue learning?

Than wilt thou send downe thy holy spirite from aboue? whan shall the blynd herte be lyghtned with knowledge? whan shall the tongue, that stammereth, be made eloquent?

I am like a babe without wise dome and discrecion: let thy stronge hande (O lorde) bee my helpe.

I knowe that thou canst do all thynges: and nothynge is harde to the.

Thou arte great (O lorde) and canst not be knowen, and thy wysedome is infinite.

I haue declared my cause before the: do with thy seruant according to thy great mercy.

Loke towarde me and haue mercie vpon me: that I may bryng to passe that, whiche I beleue and thyncke maye bee done by the.

Make the way of thy wyse-

dome

dome knowen vnto me, and repleniſhe my herte with the knowlage therof.

Here my voice (O lord) accordyng to thy mercy: intrete me accordyng to iudgement.

Geue glorie vnto thy name (O lorde) for thou onely arte good and wyſe: and there is none other ſauior beſide the.

Here me (O lorde) for thy name ſake: and withhold not thy mercy from me.

My lippes ſhall ſpeake and ſet forth thy laude and praiſe, whan thou haſt taught me thy wyſedome,

Then I wil declare thy meruayles: that other alſo maye

be conuerted vnto the.

And may bleſſe thy name for
euer world without ende.
Amen.

The ſyxte pſalme, A chriſtian man praieth, that he maie be herd of god.

O Lorde heare my prayers: and leat my crye come to the.

Tourne not awaye thy face from me in the day of my tribulacion.

What daye ſo euer I ſhall call vppon the: here me (O lord god.)

For

For thou art great and worke ſt wonders: thou onely art god.

Alſo thy workes be great: thy thoughtes be very profound and depe.

Bowe downe thine eare vnto me: and here me, for I am poore, and without helpe.

Haue mercy vpō me (o lord) for when trouble cometh, I flee vnto the for ſuccour.

Make glad the ſoule of thy ſeruant. for I haue lifted vp my hert vnto the.

O lorde, thou arte good and mercifull: and of muche mercie to all theim that call vpon the.

Here my requeſte and peti-
cion: and graciouſely accepte
my prayers.

O loꝛde god, in the I truſt:
let me not be confounded, I
beſeeche the: Delyuer me in
thy ryghtuouſneſſe.

Herken vnto the voyce of
my crye (O my kyng and my
god) foꝛ I make my humble
ſuite vnto the.

Here my voyce, with which
I call vpon the: haue mercie
vpon me, and ſaue me.

My praiers be euer vnto the
(O loꝛd god) if that the time
of thy gracious pleaſure ſhall
come: when that accoꝛdyng
to the multitude of thy mercy
thou

thou wilt here me in the truth of thy helthe.

Haue regarde vnto me (O lord) for thy mercy is swete, accordyng to the multitude of thy mercies loke vpon me.

Go not farre away from me (O my god) but make haste to helpe me.

Let my wordes be plesaunt vnto the: and make that the thoughtes and meditacion of my herte maye bee acceptable afore the.

Tourne not awaye thy face from thy seruant, for trouble ryseth vp againste me on euery syde: wherfore nowe succour me.

My herte desirethe the, my soule sekethe for the: I tarye and loke whan I may beholde thy face.

Tourne not awaye thy face from me, caste not awaye thy seruant in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwayes helped me before this tyme: forsake me not now in my moste nede, O my lorde and my god.

To the I crye daryly, go not away from me, and turne not the deafe eare vnto me.

Cause my praier to entre into thy presence: and lette my cry come vnto the.

Here me (O lorde) for I lyfte vp my mynde vnto thy holy

holy temple.

Helpe now in tyme of trou-
ble: for vayne is the helpe of
man.

I looke after thy helpe (O
lorde) and to thy iugementes
my wyll is conformable.

Loke vnto me, and take pi-
tie vpon me: for I am poore
and lefte alone.

O lorde god of hostes, yf
thou wilte, thou mayst helpe
me: nothynge can ouercome
thy strength.

My god, my god, leaue me
not in these greuous tribula-
cions for thy gret names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer
me, O lorde, make speede to
helpe

MY herte desirethe the, my soule seketh for the: I tarye and loke whan I may beholde thy face.

Tourne not awaye thy face from me, caste not awaye thy seruant in a displeasure.

Thou hast alwayes helped me before this tyme: forsake me not now in my most nede, O my lorde and my god.

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My god, my god, leaue me
not in these greuous tribula=
cions for thy gret names sake.

O god, make hast to deliuer
me, O lorde, make speede to
helpe

helpe me.

Be contentid to deliuer me: for in the I truſte (O lorde god.)

Behold, I haue no helpe in my ſelfe: there is no man that regardeth my neceſſitie.

I am poore, and in myſery, and great calamitie: and my ſtrength is gone from me.

Oriſe vp (O lorde) and declare thy glorie vnto thy ſeruaunte.

Let ſaluacion and helth com to me frome the: that all my enemies may be aſhamed.

Thyne arme is myghty and ſtrong: and whan thou wilt, all thinges be obedient vnto the.

Hea-

Heauen is thine, yea & the earth is thine: thou madeste the world, & all that is therin.

Let thy mercy comfort me: whiche surely I desire more then this life.

I sticke to thy testimonies (O lord) leat me not be confounded.

Out of the depe I haue called vnto the (O lorde) lorde here my voice.

O leat thyne eares marke wel the voice of my cõplaint.

O lorde, if thou impute my synnes vnto me: how may I loke for thy grace & pardon?

But thy mercy excedeth all thinges: and thy trueth passeth

ſith the heauens.

Wherefore my ſoule hathe loked to the: and to the maketh humble prayers.

O god, be not ſtyl, kepe not ſylence: but for thyne owne ſake, ſe that thy holy name be not diſhonoured. I I I I I I I I

Extende oute thy mercy to them that call vppon the, and thy righteouſneſſe to thē that ſeke the.

I haue caſte my burdeyn vpon the, beare me vp, and let me not allwayes be in wauering, ſeyng that I haue putte my truſt in the.

My ſoule cleaueth vnto the: make thy right hād to ſtrēgth

me

me against the power of mine enemies.

Here me (O lorde) and deliuer me: incline thine eares vnto my prayers, and saue me, for I am poore: O lord, haue regarde vnto me.

Thou (O lorde god) art my helpe and my sauiour.

O god, thy way is holy and rightful, what god is so gret as thou (O god) art?

Thou dost meruailous thinges: thy name is the lorde: thou onely art the highest vpon all the earthe.

Be nowe pacified towarde thy seruant: and hide thy face from me no longer.

BE good vnto me (lorde) as thou art full of goodneſſe thy ſelfe, that I may glorie in the all the daies of my life.

MY lippes reioice to ſynge praiſe vnto the: and euen ſo dothe my ſoule, whiche thou haſte redemed.

MY hert ſhall alwayes ſtudy thy rightwiſeneſſe, whan they ſhal be confounded, whiche ſeeke to do me harme.

I will rounne all the waye of thy commaundementes: whan thou ſhalte dilate and enlarge my herte.

Amen.

The .vii. psalme.

For an order and direccion of good liuing.

TO the (O lorde) I lifte vp my minde.

In the I truste (O lorde god) let me not be confounded, leste my ennemies make me their iesting stocke and a matter to laugh at.

O lorde, make thy wayes knowen vnto me, and trade me in thy pathes.

Directe me in thy truth, and instruct me: for thou art god my sauiour: I loke after the euery day.

O lorde, thou art swete and rightfull: and bringest againe into thy way, them that went out.

Thou ledest streight in thy iudgement them that be mild & tractable: and teachest them that be meke, thy wordes and testimonies.

Thou healest them that be contrite in hert: and assuagest their peines and griefes.

Thou holdest vp all theim, whiche els shulde fall: and all that are fallen, thou liftest vp againe.

Thou geuest sight to the blinde: and losest theim that be bounden.

Thou

Thou art nigh vnto all them that cal vpon the: so that they call vppon the faithfully and hartily.

Thou fulfillest the desire of them that feare the: and hearest their praier, and sauest them.

Haue mercy vppon me (O god) haue mercy vppon me: for in the my soule trusteth.

Verily my soule hath a speciall respect vnto the: for my helthe, my glory, and all my strength cometh from the.

For thine owne sake (O lord god) lay not my synnes to my charge.

Vnderstand not all mine er-

rours: innumerable troubles close me round about, my synnes haue taken hold vpon me: and I am not able to looke vp.

Put to thy hande to healpe me: and leade me ryght in all my workes.

Make me to walke perfectly in thy wayes, that no kinde of synne ouercome me.

Sette a watche before my mouthe: and kepe the doore of my lippes.

Let the wordes of my mouthe, and the meditacion of my herte be euer pleasant and acceptable in thy syght.

Let the worde of truth neuer go away from my mouth:

and

and ſuffre no malice to dwelle in my herte.

O lorde, deliuer my ſoule from lyeng lippes : and ſaue me from the deceitfull tonge.

Putte into my mouthe thy true and holy worde: and take cleane from me all ydell and vnfruitefull ſpeche.

Deliuer me frome falſe ſurmiſes and accuſaciõs of men.

Rule me cuẽ as thou thĩkeſt good, after thy will & pleſure.

Turne away mine eies, that they beholde no vaine thynges: faſten them in thy waye.

Take from me fornicacion & al vncleanneſſe: and let not the loue of the fleſhe beguile me.

Yea deliuer my ſoule from pride, that it reigne not in me: and then I ſhall be clene from the greatteſt ſinne.

Stay and kepe my fete from euery yll way, leſt my ſteppes ſwarue from thy pathes.

My eyes loke euer vp vnto the (O lorde) becauſe thou art nygh at hande, and all thy wayes be the truthe.

Thy mercies be great and many (O lorde) bleſſed is he, who ſo euer truſteth in the.

For whan I ſayde vnto the, my fete be ſlipped: Thy mercy (O lorde) by and by did holde me vp.

Teache me to do thy wyll, and

and lede me by thy path way, for thou art my god.

O lorde, saue my soule, and deliuer me from the power of darkenesse.

Let the brightnesse of thy face shine vpon thy seruaunt, for vnto the (O lorde god) I haue fledde for succour.

Loke vnto me, and haue mercy vpon me: For I am desolate and poore.

Kepe my soule, and deliuer me, that I be not confounded: for I haue trusted in the.

O lord god, forsake me not: allthoughe I haue dooen no good in thy syght.

For thy goodnesse graunt me

 that

that at the leaſte wiſe nowe I may beginne to liue well.

AMEN.

The eyght pſalme

A chriſtian man prayeth, that he may be defended from hys ennemies.

O God almighty, ſaue me from mine ennemies: and by thy ſtronge power defende and kepe me.

Preſeruc my ſoule, for thou arte holy: ſaue thy ſeruaunt, whiche truſteth in the.

For ſtraungers do aſſaut me daiely: and ſeeke my ſoule to diſtroy it.

O god, healpe thou me: O lorde, deliuer me from them that rise vp against me.

Be redy (O god) to succour me: make haste to healpe me, O lorde.

Be thou my protectour, and a place of strength: wherein I maie safely be.

For thou art my strēgth and my refuge: for thy name sake leade and guide me.

Take me (O god) out of the handes of mine ennemies: and caste me not away in the time of tribulacion, whan all my might is decaied & gone.

Helpe me (O lorde god) and saue me for thy mercies sake.

Haue mercy vppon me (O lorde) the god of my health: and in thy righteousnes deliuer me.

From the vexacion of theim that persecute me: from the assaute of mine enemies, whiche compasse me about on euery side.

Let them be confounded & brought to nought, which be aduersaries vnto my soule: let them be couered with shame & rebuke, which seke my hurt.

Let them tourne backe with rebuke and shame, which saie, god hath forsaken hym: leat vs sette on him, and take him: for there is none that shall deli=

deliuer hym.

Conioine thy selfe (O god) vnto my soule: make it strong, and deliuer me from mine ennemies.

Distroy them by thy power: and bring to nought all their strength.

That they reioice not, and say amonge them selues, We haue ouercome hym, and vtterly caste hym downe.

Haue me (O lorde god) for in the haue I trusted: saie to my soule, be not afraide, for I am with the.

It is in thy hande, what shal come of me, deliuer me from mine ennemies, for yet theye

ceasse

ceasse not.

Their crueltie encreaseth daiely more and more, and cõpanies of tyrantes violently come on me, and they haue not the before their eies.

But thou (O lorde) art gracious and mercifull: and sufferest long, and thy mercy and truth be great.

Loke vnto me, & haue mercy vppon me: endue thy seruant with some of thy strẽgth for I call vppon the, and ernestly make my praiers in thy sight.

My ennemies reioyce, that I am fallen, and that my hert hath turned out of thy waye.

But

But I truste in thy mercy, and my herte is comforted in hope to haue healpe and saluacion from the.

For thou art good and gracious, thy mercy endurethe euer, and thy truth continueth from one generacion to an nother.

Leat all theym reioyce in the, and be gladde, whiche seeke the, and leat theim whiche loue to haue saluacion of the, saie: Magnified be the lorde for euer. Amen.

The

The ninth psalme against enemies.

SE lorde and behold, how many they be, which trouble me, howe many, whiche make rebellió against me. They saie amonge them selues of my soule: there is no healpe of god for it to truste vppon.

O lorde god, in the I haue put my hope and truste: saue me from them, which do persecute me, and deliuer me.

Lest paraduenture at one time or an other, they take my life from me: and there be none to deliuer me frō them.

I haue

Haue pitie vpõ me (O lord) Looke vppon the affliction, which I ſuffre of my enemies

Forgette not thy poore ſer= uant: ſuffre not them, whiche be oppreſſed, to loke for help alwaies in vaine.

Put them to flight: diſapoint them of their purpoſes. Caſt them downe hedlyng as their wickednes hath deſerued, for they are traitours and rebel= les againſt the.

Let their power be brought to nought: and their wicked= neſſe lyght vppon their owne heades.

Let the wicked ſynners re= turne into hell, and let theym

fall and be taken in the pitte, whiche they haue digged.

I will truſt in the (O lorde) which ſaueſt them, that in the put their confidence.

They ſay, that thou forgetteſt thy ſeruauntes, and that thou hideſt thy face, becauſe thou wilt not ſe their trouble

Their pryde is to vs muche grefe and vexation: and they glorie & triumph in our trouble aud aduerſitie.

Howe longe (O lord) wilte thou ſtand a farre of, and hide thy ſelfe in the tyme of tribulation?

Howe longe ſhall the wicked diſpiſe the? & ſay in theyr herte,

herte, that thou regardeste nothyng.

Aryse vp (O lorde) stretche out thy hande: forgette not them, whiche be oppressed.

Bring downe the power of the wicked: that they maye perisshe togyther with their wickednes.

Let thy zeale sodeinly come vpon them: the fyry thunder-boltes and the spirite of the whirlewinde be portion of their parte.

Preuent me in the day of my tribulation: and delyuer me out of my distresses.

Haue mercy vppon me, for I am troubled on euery side:

and my ſtrengthe is decayed thorough myne iniquitie.

Myne ennemies ſpeake of me moche ſhame and rebuke: and they are wholly bente to take my lyfe from me.

The peynes of death compaſſe me rounde aboute: and the fluddes of my ſynnes trouble me ſoore.

The ropes of helle be tied rounde aboute me: and I am wrapped in the ſnares of deth and whiche way ſo euer I go, I fynde ſtumblynge blockes to ouerthrowe me.

Stande vp (O lord) and puniſhe this noughty people, and deliuer me from my deceitfull

ceitfull ennemies.

Heare me in the day of my tribulation: Let thy myghty name defende me.

For thou arte my fortresse, and my glory: and bearest vp my weakenes and infyrmitie.

Saue me lord, I beseech the, that myne ennemies preuaile not againste me.

Poure out thy indignation vpon them: and let the wrath of thy furye vex & trouble thē.

Let them be confoūded for euer: yea lette them tremble and peryshe togyther.

Let them fall into the depe prette: and neuer be able to ryse vp agayne.

That they maye knowe thy name to be the lord of hostes, onely mighty and high, world without ende. Amen.

¶ The tenthe psalme,

Whan the enmies be so cruel, that he can not suffer thē.

HAue mercy vppon me (O god) for myne enemy treadeth me vnder his feete: he ceasseth not to assaulte me, and to do me moche grefe.

He alwais coueteth to swalowe me vp, and many there be that proudely bragge and crake against me.

They gather them selfes to gither

gither in corners: they watch my steppes, howe they maye take my soule in a trappe.

They be like vnto a lion that is gredy of his prey, and lyke a yonge lyon, they priuily lie in waite for me.

They do besette my waies, that I shulde not escape: they loke and stare vpō me, to take me in their snare.

They haue prepared a nette for my fete: they haue digged a deepe pitte, that my soule might fall therin.

Make me stronge (O lorde god) by thy might and power make my way pfit before the.

Kepe my steppes continual-

ly

ly in right pathes, leste per-
chaunce my fete begin to slip.

I am so vexed, that I am vt-
terly wery, helpe me againste
them that lie in waite for me.

Make thy mercy to be mer-
uailous in me: and deliuer my
soule out of their handes.

Hide me from the cõpany of
the wicked, and from the rage
of them that worke iniquitie.

According to thy great mer
cie quicken me, that nowe in
my sorowe I be not brought
vnder the power of myne en-
my, which rageth against me.

Sende forthe thy lyght and
thy truth, and they shall leade
me vnto thy holy hille, and in

to thy tabernacles.

Instructe and teche my handes to battaile: make my armes stronge lyke a bowe of steele.

Girde me with strengthe to battaile: ouerthrow them that arise against me.

Instructe me in the ware, wherin I may walke: prouide for me by thy ouersyght.

Cast downe myne ennemies before my face: and distroye them that hate me.

Lest myne ennemyes ouercome me, and the companies of tyrantes ouerwhelme me.

Make my feete to bee stedfast: and my pathes streight.

They reioice and be glad of my fall and declination: they be assembled togither agaynst me: they stryke to kyll me in the way before I may beware of them.

They curse and ban my workes euery dare: and all their thoughtes be sette to doo me harme.

My life is as it were in the myddes of fierse lions: whose teeth be lyke vnto speares: and their tongue like a sharpe swearde.

And who shal stand with me against all these? or who shall ouercome these workes of iniquitie?

They

They shall flee and runne away (O lord) assone as thou rebukest them: frō the voice of thy thunder they shall run hedlyng.

Whyche lokeste vppon the earth, and it holely quaketh: whyche touchest the hylles, and they smoke.

Iudgement procedeth from thy face, thyne eies do approue equitie.

Kepe me (O lorde) from mine aduersaries: and vnder the shadowe of thy wynges defend me.

Iudge them that hurte me: fight agaynst them that fight with me.

Let

Let them goo backewarde and haue yll lucke, whyche perſecute me: put theim to ſhame that will my hurte.

Make them to be as duſt in the winde: and let thy angell vexe and diſquiet them.

Let them vaniſhe awaye like ſmoke: and as waxe melteth with the heate of the fire, ſo let them periſh (O lorde) frō thy ſyght and preſence.

Bete them downe, that they bee not able to ſtande: neuer geue ouer, vntill thou haue vtterly diſtroied them.

Make their waies darke and ſlippie: and lette thine angell fierſely go vpon them.

And

And thou (O lorde god) haue mercy vppon me, sende me helpe, and than I shall be able to resist them.

For I am weake and in sorowe: gyue thou me healthe and saluation.

Let thy hande correcte and chastise me: but delyuer me not vnto myne enemies.

My soule is filled with the scornyng & derision that mine ennemyes haue at me: and with the dispitefulnes of the proude.

My soule is cleane discouraged within me: it groneth and fretteth in it selfe againste me: yet wyll I truste in the:

for

for that I shall eftsones gyue the thankes agayne, for the helpe and saluation that thou sendest me.

For thy very truthe nowe helpe me, O thou which arte my helth, and the hope & comfort of al regions of the erth, and of the maine sea.

Whiche by thy power rulest from the beginning: thine eies beholde all thynges.

What God is there but thou? who is soo stronge as thou our god?

In thy protection I wylle truste: vntill iniquitie be passed and gone.

In the, I shall be strong and sure for euermore.

The eleuenth psalme,
Of confidence and truste in god.

O Lord, whiche arte my lyght, and my healthe, of whome shall I be afrayde?

O lord, thou art the strēgth of my lyfe: in the I will euer truste.

For lyke as the hert (whan he is chased) coueteth to the riuers of water: euen so (O lorde) my soule desireth to be with the.

MY ſowle thyrſteth to be with the: for with the is the fountayne of lyfe, and recreation in aduerſitie.

HEre in this worlde is labour and peyne, calamitie and miſerie.

WE haue batayle daily with ennemies: we haue noo reſte here ſo longe as we liue.

BUt whan ſo euer we putte our truſt in thy helpe: thā we ſhalbe ſure by thy protection: ſayinge vnto the: Thou arte our defendour, our refuge, & our god, and in the we truſte:

THou ſhalt delyuer me from the ſnares of the hunters: and from the perilles of my perſecu-

secutours.

Thou shalte make a shadow for me, vnder thy shoulders: and vnder thy winges, I shall be harmeleſſe.

Thy truth shalbe my shielde and bucklar: and no euill shall approche nere vnto me.

And therfore yf my enmyes shall warre agaynſte me, that they maye deuoure me holly: yet I will not flee, nor turne my backe.

Although neuer so stronge enemies shal pitche their tentes againſt me: my herte shall not be afraide: if deth sodeynly come vpon me: in the, will I reſt without feare.

Thou shalte hyde me in thy tabernacle, in the time of aduersitie: thou shalte hyde me in some secrete place of thy tente: thou shalt set me vpon a sure rocke.

Thou shalte lifte me vp aboue my ennemies besiegyng me rounde aboute: and thou shalte deliuer me out of their handes.

If I shall walke in the mides of tribulacion, thou shalte kepe me, and shalte stretche forth thy hand againste myne enemies: and thy right hande shall saue me.

O lord, thou shalte dooe and bryng to passe all thynges for me,

me : thy mercie endureth e=
uer : thou wilt not dispise thy
owne handy worke.

Thou shalte leade me out of
the nette, whiche mine enne=
mies haue spredde abrode to
catche me in : thou shalte take
me out of their pitte.

O howe great be the good
thinges, whiche thou laiest vp
in store for theym that feare
the: whiche also thou shewest
to them that truste in the, euē
in the syght of the children
of men.

Thou hidest them in the se=
crete place of thy countenāce
from trouble of enemies : and
from their contencions.

O lord, what a precious treasure is thy goodnes: and men shall truste in thy protecion.

They shalbe filled with the plentifulnes of thy hous: and thou shalt make them drynke of the riuer of deynties.

They shall drynke with the of the fountain of lyfe, and in the lyght, they shall se lyght.

Thy rightousnes is as the hyghest mountaines: and thy iudgementes be like vnto the depe bottomles waters.

Thy mercie stretcheth vp to the heuens: and thy truth ascendeth vp to the same.

O lorde god, thou hast euer from age to age, bene our refuge

fuge and succour.

Before the foundacions of the earth were layd, without begynnyng and endyng thou arte god.

O my god, thou hast helped me euer from my youth : and vntyll my olde age and laste dayes forsake me not.

I wyll acknowlage, that I haue all my strengthe of the, for thou arte my protection, my god, and my sauiour.

And therfore what tyme so euer I shall be afrayde: I wil trust in the.

What tyme so euer I shall call vpon the : I knowe that thou art my god.

Kepe thy mercie for me alwayes: and thy couenant that thou haſt made with me, let it be ſurely perfourmed.

And yf I haue ſwarued frō thy lawe, and not walked in thy iudgementes,

If I haue broken thy ſtatutes, and tranſgreſſed thy commandementes:

Than with thy rodde viſite mine offences: and with ſtripes correcte my treſpaſſes.

But take not thy mercy away from me: nor let not thy promiſe be voide & of none effect.

Breke not the couenant that thou haſte made with me, and change not that whiche hath

iſſued

issued out of thy mouth.

For in the (O God) our helth and glorie doth consist, thou arte our helper: in whom we do euer trust.

And this is certaine, that all they, whiche trust in the, shall not be confounded.

For who is he that hath trusted in the, and is cōfounded? or who hath called vpon the, and thou hast dispised hym?

For thy name sake (O lord) thou forgeuest our synnes, although they bee manie and greuouse.

Thou art a sure staye to thē that dreade the: and shewest theim thy testament.

And vnto the I cry, O lord, and I beleue that thou wylte saue me, for thy greate mercies sake.

Thou shalte redeeme my soule in peace from the wrath whiche is to come in the laste dare.

I wyll offre vp to the sacrifice of laude and prayse: and I will render vp my vowes to the, which art the highest.

The wicked watche, & loke to distroy me: but I truste in thy mercy.

Thou arte my protectour and my bucklar: my god, my strength, my refuge, and deliuerer.

Tarye and loke for healpe from the (O lorde) blessed is the man that trusteth in the.

O lorde, what great pleasures thou haste prepared for me in heauen: that I shoulde delite in no earthly thyng but in the.

My mooste pleasure is to cleaue faste vnto the: And in the to sette my hoope and truste.

I commytte my spirite into thy handes: delyuer me frome the powers of darkenesse of this worlde.

Amen.

The. xii. psalme.

If god differre to helpe longe tyme.

O my god, my god, why forsakest thou me: why lokest not vpon my necessitie?

Shall thy mercy faile forever; wilte thou neuer be pleased more?

How long wilt thou be miscontented with me, O lorde? wilte thou kendle thine angre throughly as it were fire?

When wilte thou haue any regarde to deliuer my soule? to deliuer my life trō distruccion

cion of enemies.

Howe long shall I cry, and thou wilt not here? how longe shall I make exclamacion for very peyne, and thou wilt not saue me?

O lorde god of hostes, how long wilt thou be angry with the prayers of thy seruaunt?

Come againe vnto me (O god my sauiour) & take away thine indignacion against me.

When thou art tourned (O lorde) thou shalte restore all thynges againe: and he that was in sadnesse before, shall take ioy and comforte of the.

Let thy hande be to healpe mã, which is thy handiworke,

whome

whom thou haste exalted and magnified to sette furthe thy glorie.

Myne enemyes liue welthily and are stronge: and they whiche hate me, encrease and go forwarde dayly.

They dispraise and sette at naught my counsayle, because I take god for my hope and comforte.

They say to me daily, Thou trustest in god, let hym delyuer the, and saue the: yf so be that he beare loue and fauour towardes the.

They lepe at me, as it were so many dogges: the companies of the wycked barke at me:

me: they beſette my handes and fete rounde about.

O lorde, go not farre away from me: thou art my ſtrēgth, make ſpede to helpe me.

Deliuer my ſoule from deth, turne my waye from the rage of dogges.

Kepe me out of the mouthe of lyons: and ſaue me from the depe lake.

Thou arte bothe holye and ſtronge, and no man is able to reſiſte the, whan thy angre is great and feruent. IIIIIIII

Who ſhal not feare the (O lorde?) or which of all pryncis ſhall not obey the?

The earthe trembleth and qua=

quaketh for feare of thyne angre: and the people shal not be able to abyde thy thretnynge.

Helpe me, O lorde god, my sauiour: and for the glorie of thy name deliuer me: and forgeue my trespasses.

For I do vtter and expresse myne iniquitie vnto the: and my syn greueth me very sore.

Arise vp (O lorde) & helpe me: & deliuer me for thy mercies sake.

O god, my refuge, and my strength, which hast ben euer a great helpe in tribulacion.

Thou diddest receiue me into thy tuicion, whan I came oute of my mothers wombe, and

and thou wast my helper, whā I sucked my moders brestes.

I was left to the as sone as I was borne, euen frome my mothers wombe, thou arte my God.

Withdrawe not thy selfe far away from me: for tribulacion is nere at hande, and there is none that can helpe me.

Mine enemies compasse me roūd about: my persecutours besiege me on euery side.

And I am feeble and weake, and sore broken: the peyne of my herte maketh me to grone and sygbe.

I am as the water that is cast forthe: my strengthe is gone

gone and vtterly dried vp, as it were a tile stone.

HAue mercy vppon me (O lorde) haue mercy vpon me: and impute not my sinnes vnto me, which I haue done by folr.

REmembre not my synnes passed, let thy mercies preuent them: for I am in a meruailous wretched case.

I am weakened and cleane out worne: and go mournyng euery day.

AND nowe (O lorde) what loke I after? verily my soule loketh to the for helpe.

SHewe now and declare thy goodnes to me, and withhold not

not thy helpe from me.

My ſoule is replenyſſhed with troubles & aduerſities, and draweth neere vnto deathes dooze.

I am in great pouertie and nede, and my herte is ſooze troubled within me.

Caſte me not awaye in the tyme of my moſte neceſſitie: and now, whan my ſtrengthe faileth me, faile not thou me, O lorde.

Deliuer me from mine enemies: & make me not a mocking ſtocke to them that ieſte and raile vpon me.

Saue me from theſe rozyng lions, redy to deuour, and frō

the hãdes of them that wold haue my liue from me.

I do crye to the (O lorde) for thou arte my hoope, and my porcion in the lande of lyuers.

Bringe my soule out of prison, and set my fete in a place, wher I may walke at libertie.

Tourne not awaie thy face from me, leste I be made like vnto them that discende into the pitte.

Geue eare vnto my prayers, for I am punyshed & brought very lowe.

Deliuer me from my persecutours: for they be muche strongar than I.

O loꝛde, heꝛe me ſpedily: leſt my ſpiꝛite faile within me.

Deliuer my ſoule oute of trouble, and in thy mercie diſtroy all mine ennemies.

And make them to periſhe, which wolde diſtroy me: foꝛ I am thy ſeruant. Amen.

The. xiii. pſalme,

In whiche he geueth thãkes to god, that his enemies haue not gotten the ouerhande of him.

I Wil magnifie & praiſe the (O loꝛde god) foꝛ thou haſte exalted me and ſet me vp: and my enne=

mies haue not gotten the ouerhande of me.

O lorde of hostes, I haue cried vnto the, and thou haste saued me.

Thou hast brought my soule out of hell: thou hast holden me vp from fallyng into the depe lake, from whense no man retourneth.

Thou hast not closed me vp in the handes of mine ennemies: but thou hast sette my feete in a place bothe wyde and brode.

I haue sought the, and thou haste hearde me: thou haste brought me into libertie out of great distresse.

Thou

Thou haste tourned my sorowe into gladnesse, thou hast cessed my mournyng, and compassed me rounde about with mirth.

Thou haste declared thy great magnificence in helping thy seruaunt.

Thou hast done mercifully with me in my miseries.

Thou haste regarded the peine of the poore: thou hast not tourned awaye thy face from me.

I will euer be synging and speakyng of thy mercies: and I will publishe to other thy fidelitee and truthe, so longe as I shall liue.

My mouth shall neuer cesse to speke of thy rightousnesse, and of thy benefites: whiche be so many, that I can not nũbre theym.

But I wil geue the thankes tyl death take me away: I wil synge in the preyse of the, so longe as I shall continue.

I will triumphe & reioyce in thy mercy, for that thou hast loked vppon my necessities, and regarded my soule in my great distresse.

Thou hast bene my sure refuge, and the strength of my trust and hope.

I thanke the lorde, for thy goodnesse alwaie: and for thy exce-

exceding mercy.

Thou hast ben my comforte in the tyme of my trouble, thou hast bene mercyful vnto me (O lorde) and hast reuenged the wronges, that myne enemies haue done to me.

According to the multitude of the heauy thoughtes that I had in my mynde, thy comfortes haue chered and lightned my hert.

Thou hast sent me nowe ioye for the dayes wherein I was in sorowe: and for the yeres in whome I suffered many a peynfull storme.

Thou hast called to remembrance the rebuke that thy

ſeruant hath ben put to : and howe furiouſly mine enemies haue perſecuted me.

O lord god of hoſtes, who may be compared vnto the? thou art great, and greatly to be preyſed.

Thou art high vpon all the earth, thou art exalted far aboue all goddes.

Glorie and honour before thy face : holineſſe & magnificence in thy ſanctuarie.

With iuſtice and iudgement thy roial throne is ſtabliſhed: mercie and trueth goe before thy face.

Bleſſed art thou (O lorde) whiche haſt not holden backe thy

thy mercy from thy seruaunt.

After that I had long loked for the (O lorde) at the laste thou diddest attend vnto me, and heardest my crye.

Thou hastte taken me out of the lake of miserie: and set my feete vpon a rocke, and made my steppes sure.

Thou hast geuen me my desire: I haue seen thy ioyefull countenaunce.

Thou hast striken all my aduersaries, and hastte abated their strength.

Thou hastte rebuked the rablement of theim that vexed me: and hast plucked me furth of their handes.

Thou haſt caſte them headling into their owne pit: their fete be wrapped in the nette, whiche they layde priuilye for me.

Mine ennemies are reculed backe, they are fallen downe and diſtroyed from thy ſight.

Thou haſte been the poore mans defence, and his helper in tribulacion, whan mooſte nede was.

Thou haſt done iudgemente for me: thou haſt defended my cauſe againſt my accuſers.

And althoughe thou were very angry with me a lyttell while: yet nowe I liue thorough thy merci & goodneſſe.

Verily

Verily I ſuppoſed with my ſelfe, that I was cleane caſte away out of thy fauour.

But thou haſt herd my prai=ers: and according to thy gret mercie haſt taken me again in to thy fauour.

O lord, of thine owne mind and wyll, thou haſte geuen ſtrengthe vnto my ſoule: but when thou hyddeſt thy face frō me (O lord) how greatly was I aſtonied?

When I was in aduerſitie, then I cryed vnto the, and thou diddeſt anſwere me: whē my ſoule was in gret anguiſh and trouble, then (O lord) I did remembre the.

I haue taſted and ſene howe ſwete thou art: truely bleſſed is that mä that truſteth in the

According to thy name, ſo is thy cõmendacion and prayſe: but thy counſailes touchinge vs, be without example, and gretter thẽ can with wordes be expreſſed.

Dominion, power, and glorie, be thine: for thou haſte made all thinges: and becauſe thy will is ſo, they dooe ſtyll continue.

Thy name be bleſſed, prayſed, and magnified, both now, and euer: and worlde without ende. AMEN.

The

The fourteenth psalme,

In which the goodnesse of god is praised.

O Lord our gouernour, how wonderful is thy maiestie thorough oute the whole worlde: which hast set thy glorie aboue all the heuens.

What is man, that thou magnifiest him so greatly? or the son of man that thou doest visite hym?

O lord, thou arte great and muche to be preysed in thy holy hill.

Praise be vnto the (O lorde god)

god) let our vowes made to the, be alwaies perfourmed.

Confessyon and magnificence are thy worke: and thy righteousenesse cõtinueth for euermore.

Thou hast done many thinges (O lorde god) both merueilous and great: and there is none that can be lyke vnto the in thy workes.

Thy waies be iust and true, who will not feare and dreade the. and magnifie thy name?

I thanke the (O lord god) with all my herte: and I wyll halowe thy name for euer.

O lord thou art my strength and my prayse: Thou haste brought

brought downe myne enne=
mies, whiche art a iudge euen
from the beginnyng.

Thy right hand is exceding
strong: thy ryght hande wor=
keth many great actes.

Thine arme is mightie and
strōg: and because it hath ple=
sed the: thou hast strengthned
mine infirmitie.

I wyll prayse thy great and
dreadfull name, for it is holy.

Although I haue fallen, yet
I am not crushed in pieces:
for thou haste susteyned my
hande.

I haue opened and shewed
my waye vnto the: and in the
I haue trusted, and thou at
length

length hast accomplished my desires.

Thou hast broken the heades of mine enemies, and hast made them to stoupe: whiche walked proudely in their synnes.

Thou hast dominion ouer their power, and whan theye be exalted and sette a lofte in their waies thou abatest their courage, and destroyest them with thy myghty arme.

In thy name I will euer reioyce, and in thy mercie is all my glorie.

Thou louest righteousneſſe and iudgement: the earth is replenished with thy mercie.

Thy

Thy eie loketh fauourably vpon theim that dreade the, and truste in thy mercy.

There shall no good thynge be lackyng to them that seeke the, and they that feare the, shall not be helpeleſſe.

For thou doeſt cidre theyr wayes, and heareſt them whā they crie vnto the.

That thou mayeſt delyuer their ſoules from death: and ſwage their peines whā they be grieued.

For thou helpeſt thē, whoſe hertes be brokē with ſorowe: and beareſt vp with thy hande thē that be contrite in ſpirite.

Thou ſaueſt the ſoules of

thy ſeruauntes, and all they that truſte in the, ſhall not be diſtroyed.

Wherfore my tongue ſhall ſyng thy prayſe (O lord god) I will alwaies magnifie the.

I will loue the (O lord) whi che art my ſtrength, my ſtay, my might, my ſauiour, and my refuge,

My god, my defendour, and my bucklar, the ſtrēgth of my ſaluacion, and my ſupporter.

After that I had called vpon the with due laude & prayſe, thou haſt ſaued me from mine ennemies.

When I was in trouble I called vppon the, thou haſt herd

herd my voice out of thy ho-
ly temple, and my crye hathe
entred vp into thyne eares.

Thou haste saued me frome
mine aduersaries that rose vp
against me: thou hast deliue-
red me from wicked enemies.

Thou haste taken me frome
the company of euill men, and
mine eie hath sene vpon mine
enemies the thinges that I
desired.

And therfore if it shuld for-
tune me to passe thorough the
darke vale of death: I will go
without feare, for thou wylte
be with me, thy rodde and thy
staffe shall comfort me.

Thou shalt deliuer me from

tribulacion: thou ſhalte kepe me from theim, which ſeke to diſtroy me.

Mine eies be vppon the (O lorde) for thou ſhalt bring my fete furth of the ſnare.

Vnto the (O lorde god) I will performe my vowes, I will geue the thankes bothe now and euermore, & worlde without ende. Amen.

The. xv. pſalme.

Of the benefites of god, with thankes for the ſame.

My ſoule prayſeth the (O lorde) and all that is within me, prayſeth thy

thy holy name.

My ſoule geueth the humble thankes, and thy benefittes I will neuer forget.

Whyche forgeueſt all my ſynnes: and healeſt al mine infirmities.

Whiche haſte ſaued my lyfe from diſtruction: and ſhewed in me thy grace and mercy.

Whiche haſt ſatiſfied my deſire with good thinges, & ſhalt ones reſtore my youth againe.

Thou haſt entreted me mercifully at al times, and haſt reuenged me of mine ennemies.

Thou haſte ben a defence to me (O lorde) and a ſure foundacion of my wealth.

Thou hast guided me with thy counsaile, and taken me to the thorough thy mercie.

Thou hast many waies declared in me thy great mighte and power, and after thine angre hath ben past, thou haste tourned agayne and comforted me.

Thou haste sente me many greuouse troubles, but at the length thou hast broughte me out of the bottõles depenesse.

Thou haste made me priuie to thy waies, and hast not hid thy counsailes from me.

Thou arte full of mercie and grace (O lorde) slowe to wrath, & ready to goodnesse.

Thy

Thy displeasure lasteth not alwaye, and thou kepest not backe thy mercies in thine angre for euer.

Thou rewardest vs not according to our sinnes, nor punishest vs accordyng to our desertes.

Loke howe hye the heauen is in comparison of the earth: so great is thy mercie towardes vs.

Howe farre as the easte is distant from the weast: so far (O lorde) remoue our sinnes from vs.

Lyke as a naturall father hath pitie vpon his children: euen so (O lorde god) thou

hast had compassion vpon vs.

Thou haste not forgotten thy creature: thou remembrest that we are flesshe, yea all men liuyng.

And that the age of men is like vnto grasse, and maye be compared to the flowres in the fielde.

Which as sone as the sharp wind hath blowen vpon theim with his blastes, wither away and die, so that no man can tell where they did growe.

But thy mercy (O lord) and thy louynge kyndnesse is alwayes vppon them that feare the: and thy righteousnesse endureth euer.

So

So that we kepe our pro-
mise and couenant with the:
and so remembre thy cõmaun-
dementes, that we do theym
in dede.

O lord, thou hast stablisshed
thy throne in heauen: & thou
gouernest al thinges by thine
imperiall power.

I will magnifie the (O god)
and prayse thy name, worlde
without ende.

I will geue the thankes al-
way, and make thy name glo-
rious for euer.

O lorde, thou arte puissaunt
and great: and thy magnifi-
cence is vnsercheable.

One generacion shall shewe

to an other thy workes, and they shal declare thine auncient noble actes.

They shall euer prayse the magnificence of the glorie of thy holinesse, and the memorie of thy great goodnesse.

For thou arte good and gracious to all men, and thy mercie exceedeth all thy workes.

The eies of all men beholde and wait vpon the: that thou shuldest geue theim their sustenance in tyme conuenient.

Thou openest thine hande, and fyllest euery liuynge creature with foode necessary.

O lorde, thou arte rightful in all thy wayes, and holy in all

all thy dedes.

Thou kepest all theym that loue the, and the torment of malice shall not touche the.

My mouth shall speake thy glorie and prayse and al liuing creatures shal honour thy holy name for euer.

Prayse the lorde, O ye his angelles, myghtie in power, whiche do his cõmandementes, and obeye the voyce of his worde.

Prayse ye all togither god O ye, all his hostes, you his ministers, that do his will and pleasure.

Prayse the lorde as I do, and let vs magnifie his name togi=

togither.

Prayse the lorde, O ye, all his sainctes, for his name is gloryouse, and his prayse goth aboue bothe heauen and earthe.

Prayse the lorde togither, O ye, all his workes, euery thyng that liueth, prayse the lorde. Amen.

FINIS. XV. PSALMORVM.